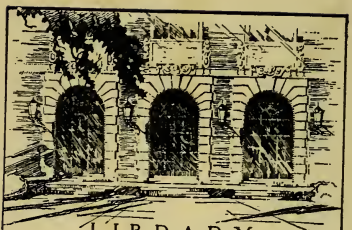

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS
823
V4272
v. 3

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign

http://www.archive.org/details/varietiesinwoman03lond

VARIETIES

IN

W O M A N.

A NOVEL,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

"Howsoever, it is a kind of policy in these days, to prefix a phantastical title to a book which is to be sold; for as larks come down to a day-net, many vain readers will tarry and stand gazing like silly passengers at an antique picture in a Painter's shop, that will not look at a judicious piece. BURTON."

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1819.

Printed by T. C. Hansard, Peterborough-Court, Fleet-Street, London.

V4272
v.3

VARIETIES IN WOMAN.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
"With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
"Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
"And living as if earth contained no tomb,—
"And glowing into day:"—

TWO light boats, elegant as that which sailed on the waters of the Cydnus freighted with Cleopatra and her Anthony, were moored to the banks of the transparent, but narrow river that bounded the southern extremity of the grounds belonging to North House. The breeze passed lightly over their silken awning: the

breath of the morning was so gentle, that the water slept as the air skimmed over it. Lord Lindor stept into one of the elegant little vessels. Lady Fanny already occupied the other. The rest of the party in curricles, and on horse-back, were on shore, ready to set off at the same instant with the boats. Lord Lindor took up the oar, and stood in the attitude of a Phaon.

"Neptune!" said he, gently playing in the waters as if to invoke the God;—

"Oro, liceat dare tuta per undas,
"Vela"—

Lady Fanny arose also; she took the dark, Bohemian cap from he head, and shaking the long, loose curls, smiling archly at Lord Lindor, she sang in a low, soft voice:—

"Sabrina fair,
"Listen where thou art sitting
"Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
"In twisted braids of lilies knitting
"The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
"Listen for dear honour's sake,
"Goddess of the silver lake,
"Listen and save!"

"That evocation," said Lord Lindor, "is as inspiring as the verses of Tyrtæus, which animated the Spartans to victory in their battle with the Messenians.—Unmoor!—so!—and now, *væ victis!*"

The boats glided on rapidly, and the whole cavalcade on shore were likewise in motion.

The extreme gracefulness of Lord Lindor's form, perfect "in heroic seeming," contrasted well with the slight bending loveliness of his young antagonist. The graceful motion of her arms controlling the oar, the

waving of her long, yellow hair, floating "as the winds willed it," the alternate subsiding and elevation of her form, her "robe of Kendall green," at one moment folding around her, and the next streaming in the air; gave to her whole appearance the effect of a picturesque illusion. The group on shore had followed them with equal rapidity. It seemed, from their velocity, that the boats were sailing through the æther, rather than through the water. Still they kept in a line. The rapid motion of the oars marked the exertion of the rowers. The water became more and more agitated; at the same moment, they made the strand.

Lord Lindor leaped on shore. He turned to assist his adversary, but she was already by his side.

"Not to have conquered is defeat,"

said Lady Fanny, shaking her glossy curls from her brow, and drawing her hand across her temples.

"Not to *be* conquered is *victory*," said Lord Lindor. "And you, Lady Fanny, who have gained such added glow, such beaming beauty from the exercise, would have owed me obligation, even had I been victor."

"Give me my hat," said Lady Fanny, taking the pretty little, plumed, Bohemian cap from the extended hand of Lord Lindor, and immediately concealing her profuse locks under it. "There! people will stare if they have any idea, that I have been engaged in a rowing-match, as the Roman Senate did, when a woman came to plead her own cause in the Forum, and the Conscript Fathers sent to know what so strange an occurrence might portend to their

city. Our party are coming, very good style they keep, do they not?—they are ready to enter the ark in case of a second deluge; '*one of each* '*kind, male and female!*'—Transit!—Transit!—There, my Lord," she continued, having mounted the beautiful animal, "now I intend to ride races with you, for the next five miles."

"Where is the goal?" demanded Lord Lindor, vaulting in his saddle.

"This is to me a perfect terra incognita," replied Lady Fanny. "The other paths leading from North House, are so delightful and so much frequented, that we never think of crossing this bleak common. However, you see I am ready to commence our race; the rest will follow us."

They set off. Miss Emmingford expressed her disgust at the masculine

enterprising character of Lady Fanny Lambeth by a thousand sarcasms, of which it was quite obvious, that jealousy was the source. Miss Burlington yawned rather more frequently than usual, and seemed to exult in the feminine possession of *ennui and dulness*.

Lady Caroline Repton was quite happy in Lockhart's curricle, because he always allowed her to carry her "*blond comme un blondin*," and even bestowed on it caresses, which her Ladyship's prodigality in that respect, certainly rendered superfluous.

Sir Albert Beverley drove Catherine, who exhibited those fluctuating symptoms of returning health which are so delusive in distempers of that nature from which she suffered. Ella rode by their side. Sir Albert comprehended how noble was the friend-

ship that might exist between two females, virtuous, cultivated, and christians. He perceived that in friendship, any more than in love, it is not necessary that pursuits and sentiments should be exactly similar, in order to produce a perfect union. Catherine depended, for her very existence, on the attentions and the tenderness of Ella. Ella's whole thought appeared absorbed in the observation of her friend, and in continually endeavouring to discover some yet unessayed means of alleviating her sufferings. Sir Albert admired continually the versatility of her mind, which adopted itself so exactly to the actual position of Catherine's. It is true, that Catherine herself exhibited none of that waywardness and disposition to complain, which renders the care of an invalid a task

almost insupportable. But it was easy to discover from the various kindness and virtue of Ella, that even in such a case, she would have exhibited a patience not inferior to her other attributes.

The day was warm, and Lord Lindor and Lady Fanny had gained considerably on the rest of the party. The tract left by them was exactly followed. For some time the two divisions of the party had lost sight of each other. At length the more numerous came up with the racers, whom they found at the entrance of a wood, the trees of which, apparently coeval with the creation, united their spreading branches, and rendered it almost impenetrable.

Lady Fanny dismounting, proposed to the rest to follow her example. Catherine, supported on either side

by Sir Albert and Ella, followed them into the wood. They proceeded slowly, at first; but as they advanced they found the trees less closely set, and, by degrees, a narrow foot-path expanded into a broad and level lawn.

Lady Fanny was delighted with the romance of the place, and Lord Lindor repeated pastoral verses without number. Miss Emmingford collected all the fragments of the Daphnes, the Corydons, and the Florios, to apply to Lord Lindor and Lady Fanny. These sarcasms were, in her own imagination, brilliant flashes of wit, and this conviction insensibly softened their asperity. Miss Burlington complained exceedingly of the length of the walk, and the folly of proceeding they knew not whither, and in a path which might lead them out of the regular track, and occasion their ab-

sence past the dinner-hour. Miss Burlington was to be pitied, because soup and fish were necessary to her existence, and it was a serious evil to her when the one was too much done, or the other cold. Miss Emmingford sometimes complained of fatigue, but it was that Lord Lindor might offer her that support which had been rejected by Lady Fanny, whose curiosity prevented her proceeding in any regular manner. Lady Caroline Repton leaning on the arm of Lockhart, with a bottle of *sal volatile* in her disengaged hand, sometimes sighed, perhaps from weariness, perhaps from tenderness, or perhaps from a compound of both. The "*blond comme un blondin*" frolicked round her, and she appeared to enjoy no inconsiderable pleasure in the contemplation of the sagacious freaks of the animal.

Catherine and her affectionate supporters, proceeded slowly. Sometimes she stopped to contemplate the clear sky, or the view of the country that was discernible through the trees. Sir Albert felt pleasure in being associated with Ella. He listened to all she said with the anxiety of one who seeks to penetrate the soul of those who speak, by every word they utter.

"How lovely that sky is!" said Catherine, "how pure,—how tranquil,—how delicious! I feel as if this were the last time I was to behold it, and as if all its glories were spread out to me, not to increase my regret for what I must leave, but to augment a holy hope of entering those blissful regions of which this loveliness is only the most remote outline,—where I am to dwell eternally,—to understand the ways of God, and to love HIM alone?"

"The most perfect beauty that can be displayed on the face of nature, does not attach us more forcibly to the earth," replied Ella. "In contemplating all the magnificence and sublimity displayed in the works of the Creator, we are impressed only by increased submission to his will, and by a conviction, that he would never remove his servants from so fair a world, but to increase their opportunities and their faculties of enjoyment. The sublimest sentiments of faith, of hope, and of universal benevolence, are felt in such a scene. We are elated by the sensation that He has placed us here to worship him,—to be grateful,—and to prove our gratitude by using faithfully those talents which he has entrusted to us. The most sublime of all the temples erect-

ed to God, is that which was formed by his own hand,—this beautiful magnificent world. In the most splendid sanctuary the heart is never so powerfully impressed by devotion, as when it sees,—feels,—comprehends,—the essence of God pervading the universe and vivifying all things by his invisible presence. Oh, how can *they* worship the Almighty, with fervour, and with rapturous gratitude, who know not half the causes which ought to *excite* that gratitude,—who have seen none of the beauties of his creation,—who are ignorant of the harmony which pervades every part of nature,—who are contented with enjoying the result without comprehending the various combinations which produce that perfect harmony! How can the mind of the unhappy nun,

who paces the dark cloisters, or cultivates the flowers inclosed in the narrow bounds of her convent, avoid being contracted to the spot she inhabits, and lose the power of comprehending all that magnificence of her creator which it is permitted to man to understand ?"

"When I was suffering from the unchecked violence of that grief and that despair, which overwhelmed my mind, when an eternal barrier was placed between me and *him*, whom I had loved as man ought *not* to be loved," said Catherine, with a slight blush of tenderness, "I almost resolved in the first transports of sorrow, to bury myself for ever in the gloom of a convent, and endeavour to regain internal repose by the contemplation of that quiet which pervades those abodes.

Ella glanced at Catherine's hair.

Those beautiful auburn locks still grew in luxuriance, for the hand of sickness had not affected them. This hair,—so admired by her lover,—so valued on that account,—and which Catherine, at present, desired might never be resigned, until death should have rendered it valueless,—must have been sacrificed to the severity of monastic rules.

"I understand you," she said, replying to Ella's glance; "but, thought I, have I not already lost *all*,—all my hopes, my happiness, my treasure? Shall I hesitate to sacrifice even the dearest feature of that beauty perhaps too highly valued? You know," she continued, smiling, "it was the custom among the ancients, that those who had attained the age of manhood, should offer the first-fruits of their hair to the Delphian Apollo; I too

seemed to have passed through the days of my moral childhood; the summer of feeling; and in that cold, chilling winter—that blight, that desolation of the heart,—I wanted no longer this ornament which once I had so highly valued. I thought to give it, —together with all the vanity, all the proud consciousness of superior beauty,—to my God. During the bright days of my happiness, I confess that I had no fixed principles of religion. I loved the author of my being, because through him I enjoyed felicity; the moment of adversity taught me impiously to question his benevolence. I fluctuated in a dark uncertainty which confounded and bewildered me. *Pride* gave me an outward appearance of resignation, but this assumption inflicted on me an almost insupportable restraint. Oh,

my God!" she exclaimed, raising her eyes to heaven, "I thank thee for having sent me a consoler,—a teacher, a bright example of all that is most excellent in woman,—Ella Grafton!"

Beverley looked at Ella with tenderness and admiration. She, absorbed only in contemplating the emotions of her friend, received no impressions that concerned merely herself. She felt the powerful change that had been wrought on Catherine, without recollecting how efficient had been her own agency in accomplishing it.

Beverley admired this indifference, the result of the most profound humility. He comprehended exactly how inseparably united is the dignity of a christian with lowliness of heart. He remembered the former pride of Catherine which once he had so much

loved, but which had, in fact, only hastened her progress to the grave. He detected the source whence that admiration proceeded; it was the pleasure he derived in perceiving the distance which that pride enabled her to keep from the world in general. The christian dignity of Ella presented a yet more impassable line between herself and the idle, the unoccupied and the vicious. Her humility had a more elevating character than all the superiority of Catherine's talents. In short, amid all the infinite *varieties in woman*, he discovered that that female alone is entirely irresistible, of whom it may be said, "*she is a christian.*"

The exclamations of the rest of the party induced our group to hasten their pace. It is true, they enjoyed much more satisfaction in their pre-

sent situation, than they could possibly receive from the society of the others; but the *bienséances* of life continually require of us a multitude of trifling sacrifices, which are valuable, because they discipline the mind into a want of selfishness.

They found themselves on the borders of one of the loveliest gardens ever formed by the hand of taste, which was separated from them by a high pallisade of iron, curiously wrought, and from the costliness of its workmanship, evidently the property of no indigent individual.

It seemed almost impossible to have collected such variety of beauties in so small a space. Flowers, evergreens, and aromatic shrubs; a green-house, and a gilt aviary; a marble basin, the abode of gold and silver fishes, which lived in the pure

element it contained; a narrow streamlet, that had the *appearance* at least, of a natural ornament; a gothic summer-house, and a small, elegant Italian building, that had the aspect of a music-room: all these struck the eye at once, and detained it as if by enchantment.

On one side of this magnificent garden stood a thick grove of trees, which was discovered to belong to the wood through which they had just passed; —half concealed, at this extremity, they discovered a cottage *orné*, rather elegant than large, built in the form of a rotunda, and thatched as all cottages *ornés* are. It appeared that there were other grounds behind this mansion, the boundaries of which were not perceptible.

The curiosity of the party was highly excited. It was astonishing

that an abode of this nature should stand in the immediate vicinity of North House, perfectly unknown to the inhabitants of it. It is true, that they had passed the line which separated two counties, and that, although the domestics might possibly be aware of it, Lord Northbury had travelled very little since his return from the continent, and never on this side of North House, because his estate did not lie this way.

Lady Fanny and Lord Lindor appeared far more curious than any other of the groupe. Miss Emmingford descanted on the imbecility of curiosity, with uncommon eloquence. She represented how much it was beneath the dignity of a man of lord Lindor's talents to disturb himself by conjectures on the probable inhabitant of a place, " which certainly exhi-

bited various plebeian ornaments, and which was disposed in a manner equally revolting to the purity of a genuine English taste, and to the *morality* of the Chinese model."*

Miss Burlington held her watch in her hand, contemplating it with evident uneasiness, and calculating in every minute advance of the hand, that the fish *was done just one bubble too much.*" She spoke of the danger of detaining an invalid like my lord Northbury, beyond his usual dining-hour, and declared she could not answer it to her conscience, to suffer the party to proceed in their idle ob-

* "There is scarcely a garden in China which does not contain some fine moral, couched under the general design, where one is not taught wisdom as he walks, and feels the force of some noble truth, or delicate precept, resulting from the disposition of the groves, streams, or grottos."

GOLDSMITH.

servations, without a strong remonstrance, on the mischief that might result to my Lord Northbury, from their inconsideration.

Lady Caroline, rather carried than supported by Lockhart, was indulging in the only *occupation* which was potent enough to vanquish her indolence for a moment,—a *delectable* flirtation. She was amused by the attempts of her "*blond*" to penetrate the iron-boundary, as much as by the evident pain Miss Burlington was suffering from "hope deferred," and she awaited the time when Lady Fanny should give the word for returning with all the patience imaginable.

Lady Fanny impressed by a lively curiosity, lingered near the garden, exhausting fancy even in conjectures, and laughing at her own folly. Lord

Lindor was as impatient, because whatever had an appearance of mystery roused his imagination, and interested him. Catherine Lockhart, seated on a bank, remained perfectly tranquil, enjoying the glowing brilliancy of the scene around, and seeming as if she gave her last adieu to the world.

Beverley was engrossed by Ella. In their *tête-à-tête* conversation he penetrated the sportiveness of her wit, and the all-creating faculty of her imagination. He delighted to discover that no austerity deformed her views of religion; that she was not only cheerful, but vivacious; not only rational, but brilliant.

Sometimes she forcibly recalled the recollection of his scene with her inflexible cousin in his library at Beverley-House. He remembered the

sudden irradiation that had once burst over the countenance of *that* Ella Grafton. Then he pictured to himself the different aspect his home would have assumed if the minds of the cousins had boasted the same striking resemblance as their persons. And again he congratulated himself on the fortunate occurrence that had introduced him to his present delightful companion.

Lady Fanny at length, tired of conjecturing, was on the point of remounting her horse, when the approach of a peasant gave her an opportunity of *asking* questions, at least concerning this beautiful dwelling.

The person to whom she applied was certainly as glad of the permission of talking, as she was of the power of asking. From him she

learnt, that, during the last year and a half, that house had been inhabited by a lady rather young, very beautiful, and generally ill:—that a very handsome gentleman came frequently to see her; that, of late, she had been quite melancholy, and sometimes, it was said, quite mad:—that an elderly, respectable woman, who had formerly been the nurse of the gentleman, was her attendant:—that it was reported she was at present dying:—that the gentleman had been living there during the last six weeks:—that none ever gained admission within the walls, except himself and a medical attendant who generally resided there:—that the establishment consisted entirely of females, with the single exception of the doctor's attendant, or of the gentleman's valet when he happened to be there:—that the

house was generally reported to be haunted by the spirit of the lover of the lady, whom it was supposed the gentleman had killed:—that none of the neighbouring peasants would venture near it after night-fall:—and finally, that every body knew the gentleman was the rich Mr. Harley.

Harley!—The revulsion of Lady Fanny's blood to her heart, gave her face—even her lips—the paleness of death. She breathed with difficulty; every feeling was absorbed in the profoundest amazement, and the most poignant jealousy. Yes; she felt that Harley was beloved, and that he was a villain!

Oh! what was all the folly of Lord Lindor when compared with depravity so consummate!—what were his attentions to Miss Emmingford, when compared with these proofs of Har-

ley's criminal connection with a woman, who had lost her senses through his treatment perhaps!—Lady Fanny recollected his emotion just *six weeks* since, on the day he had received that letter, which was answered by himself personally, and which, doubtless, contained an account of the increased indisposition of his victim!

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE party commenced their return in silence. Lady Fanny had no inclination to talk. Her mind was absorbed entirely by one idea, and she was equally incapable of conversing on that subject or on any other.

Miss Burlington felt that by this time dinner must be spoiled "past praying for," and she was plunged into a melancholy reverie on the misery of overdone turbot, and cold turtle-soup.

Catherine, fatigued with her journey, reclined back in the curricle, scarcely able to endure its motion. Sir Albert and Ella were equally silent; the former from reflexions on the *possibility* of Harley's being the character he had

just been represented; the latter from commiseration with the unusual pensiveness of the volatile Lady Fanny.

"What a fine *denouement!*" said Lord Lindor, at length breaking the silence. "Who could have expected this of the candid, the *brusque*, the moral, the *religious* favourite of Lady Fanny Lambeth, the incomparable Harley!—Oh, for the pencil of a Hogarth, or the pen of a Martial!—what a rich scene for caricature,—what an eloquent point for an epigram!—O ye divinities that preside over the laughable;—thou Vulcan who alone hadst power to raise a laugh in the celestial synod,—didst thou gain that power by the anticipation of such an event!—O Momus—O Euphrosyne—was there ever any thing so sublimely ridiculous, and eminently amusing!"

"It is really very astonishing, that

the penetrating Lady Fanny Lambeth could be so egregiously duped!" said Miss Emmingford sarcastically.—She who so well understands the merits of other people's lovers, should certainly be able to comprehend her own."

Poor Lady Fanny, oppressed almost to tears, was unable to parry these indelicate attacks. The information of Harley's culpability so rapidly succeeding her love for him, overwhelmed her at once with amazement and horror. It appeared something too remote from probability and nature for credulity itself to believe. Harley, the religious, amiable Harley, the friend of Sir Albert Beverley, a seducer, a *murderer!* Lady Fanny almost screamed when this last idea passed her mind. It was too monstrous for credibility.

"Silent, Lady Fanny! as I live, silent from indignation!" said Lord Lindor.—"Come, it certainly is not fair to condemn Harley without explanation. This man may be a little addicted to invention, and perhaps fabricated his tale on the instant as a *coup de main*. Or possibly, some despairing rival, jealous of the happiness of Harley, adopts these means as the last effort of shaking your confidence in the happy envied lover, and of succeeding to his place in your affections. Is not such a *ruse d'amour* most pardonable?—What do I say? Is it not rather laudable? Does he not promise to be one who will

"As is his duty,
"Honour the shadow of your shoe-tie."

"Or, perhaps, Harley himself may have devised this manner of proving the extent of your passion for him.

Such a resource is so often adopted by lovers who are not perfectly assured of the affection of their mistress! One reads of such things sometimes,—Matt. Prior's Emma, *par exemple.*"

"Upon my honour, Lady Fanny," said Miss Emmingford, "I pity you; I know no female more deserving of commiseration than she is, who, placing all her happiness on the constancy of one of that dear, bewitching, faithless sex, finds herself so lamentably deceived. It is difficult to support a first trial of this nature; your Ladyship will be used to them in time."

"I certainly cannot refuse credence to a person of Miss Emmingford's years and experience," replied Lady Fanny with bitterness, immediately regaining her self-possession.—"I dare say, Madam, memory could

furnish you with a thousand painful instances of such desertions, and I shall be very glad to reap the benefit of the recital, whenever you have spirits to enter on so pathetic a detail. You perceive, my Lord Lindor, that Harley is adopting one of your practical jokes. I confess, I had no idea he had chosen so accomplished a master. You will allow, that he may hope, in time, to attain that degree of *éclat* which is attached to his noble instructor. Do not let me draw too largely on the pity of your Lordship or Miss Emmingford. Would it not be more prudent in you to console each other for your mutual disappointment?"

"There is no chance of dinner today," said Miss Burlington hopelessly.

"Oh, yes, a very good one," said

Lady Fanny;—"women can always afford to make a hasty toilette, until they are past thirty."

Poor Miss Emmingford! — She could have endured any thing better than this pointed allusion to her age; —there was nothing on earth which she so much desired should be forgotten both by herself and by others.

She and Lord Lindor were glad to take refuge in silence. Lady Fanny enjoyed all the triumph of a victory, whilst she had acquired that discretion which is supposed generally to result from defeat.

Miss Burlington recovered her good humour, for the fish and soup were exquisite. Miss Emmingford had had time to make her toilette, and as she was pleased with the ar-

rangements she had effected there, she was as little excited as usual.

Lady Caroline ate little and talked much. Her nerves and her sensibility afforded her a thousand pretty subjects for demanding condolence. Lockhart was always ready to afford it; and when "the *blond*" whined occasionally, she patted its curled head, and praised its sympathy.

Lady Fanny contrived the speedy removal of the dessert. Ella immediately retired to her apartment.

Lady Fanny followed her. She threw herself into the arms of Miss Grafton, and wept violently.

Ella endeavoured to sooth her.—"We, whose knowledge of the human heart is so limited," said she, "ought certainly to be slow in pronouncing on the character of others, from data

so uncertain as a single action. What we know of Harley is diametrically opposite to the picture drawn of him who is the master of this newly-discovered mansion. Recollect every trait that distinguished our friend. Who is more candid?—candid even to roughness? Who has ever exhibited a greater contempt of hypocrisy, a more decided aversion to falsehood? Did he not abjure politeness because he believed that it tempted continually to minor untruths? Oh, who is to be relied on, if Harley is false?—who can hope to stand if Harley has fallen? How shall we distinguish virtue from vice, if the fruits of each so nearly resemble the other? Oh, no! believe that Harley is not this monster! — believe that hypocrisy so consummate is not in the power of man!"

"But," interrupted Lady Fanny impatiently, "what interest could this man possibly have in deceiving us? His story was perfectly consistent and intelligible"—

"Oh, no, no," exclaimed Ella;—"surely not consistent,—not intelligible. To imagine Harley capable of an action like this, would be to imagine him capable of the grossest *inconsistency*. It is beyond all comprehension,—most completely *unintelligible!*"

And then the coincidence of circumstances!" continued Lady Fanny, gradually losing her grief in indignation;—"it is just six weeks since Harley left! I remember his agitation when he received that letter,—the abruptness of his departure! Doubtless he was engrossed by this unknown whom he has at once

wronged, and, perhaps, captivated! Alas, it is not even perfidy that will make one cease loving! But that woman—that woman must be guilty! I am sacrificed to *such* a being! Already I detest her.—I have disliked Miss Emmingford and despised Miss Burlington;—but I *hate* only the mistress of Harley!"

"Oh, this is jealousy, that dreadful passion, compared to which all other powerful effects of the mind are harmless!" said Ella earnestly; then proceeding in the words of Blair, —"'What direful effects have often 'flowed from rash and ill-founded jea-'lousy in private life! No sooner has 'one allowed that dæmon to take pos-'session of his mind, than it per-'verts his understanding, and taints 'all its faculties. Haunting him by 'night and by day, bringing perpe-

'tually before him the odious and dis-
'quieting forms which it has raised up,
'it blackens every appearance to his
'view; gives to trifles, which are of
'themselves light as air, the weight
'of full confirmation; till, what was at
'first a dubious surmise, or a slight
'displeasure, rises, at length, into full
'belief and implacable fury. Hence
'families torn with the most violent
'convulsions; the husband armed
'against the wife, the father against
'the son, the friend against the friend;
'the plan of treachery and assassina-
'tion contrived, and the dagger plunged
'into the bosom of the innocent!'—
And it is a passion such as this which
you do not hesitate to admit! You
already hate the mistress of Harley,
although you know not that she is
not more unfortunate than guilty!—
You are enraged against Harley, and

distrust the actions of a whole life, in order to admit an accusation which is not supported by plausibility even! Not only you do not repel suspicion, you even invite, and encourage it, thus you become not only weak but criminal!"

Lady Fanny wept without replying.

"Have you," continued Miss Grafton, "ever allowed Harley to believe, from your actions, that you returned his love?—Have you not, on the contrary, continually insulted his avowed and manly attachment, by affecting to disregard the exhibition of it, and to prefer the Atheistical Lord Lindor to him?—This conduct certainly dispossesses you of all right to influence Harley's. We are accountable only to those of whose love we are convinced."

Lady Fanny still replied by tears only.

"Behold the consequences of coquetry!—If you had given Harley proofs of a preference which you undoubtedly feel, if you had not at once depressed his hopes, and encouraged Lord Lindor's by your manner, he would, by this time, have been avowedly engaged to you, have given you a right over his conduct, and have explained to you all this mystery, which so much distresses you. My dearest Lady Fanny, I pity you, with my whole heart; I feel your grief, and participate it: it is necessary, however, for Harley's justification, that you should completely understand the situation in which he stood to you!"—

"Oh, yes, yes, I have, indeed, been wrong; I acknowledge it, and in

making that acknowledgment, I prove to you how bitterly I repent my fault!"

"But have you been wrong only as far as regards Harley?—Forgive me, Lady Fanny; if I loved you less, I should be less anxious that you acted consistently. You *hate the mistress of Harley!*—yes,—and what is your motive?—It is because you believe that she interests Harley. You despise Miss Emmingford?—A momentary and fanciful preference for Lord Lindor inspired you with this dislike. Recollect, all Miss Emmingford's sarcasms are pointed by the same feeling that inspires you with aversion to her whom you suppose that Harley loves!—And yet with what impatience do you endure them!—She believes, that Lord Lindor is her's by *justice;* her age,

which to you renders her rivalry ridiculous, at the same time, makes her union with him ten thousand times more important to her!—If, indeed, she *be* engaged to him, and he is faithless, does she not deserve your pity?—If you have sufficient strength of mind to despise a lover who neglects you, is she not even the more to be pitied because she is deficient in this strength?—Have you not sometimes contrived to attach Lord Lindor to yourself, merely to prove to her her own want of power? —Ah, my dear Lady Fanny, the first lesson a christian must take, is forgetfulness of self. That feeling which leads only to great sacrifices, is not the religion we ought to profess. *It* teaches us to undergo a thousand little trials, to exercise innumerable benevolences. It teaches us to con-

quer our hearts, to prefer the comfort of others to our own, to forgive, to pray for an ungrateful lover!"—

Ella herself shed tears. Lady Fanny's fell more profusely than before.

"Look at Catherine Lockhart," continued Miss Grafton, "how beautiful, how talented, how adored!—What bright prospects did the morning of her life present?—Princes, even, wooed her; the choicest spirits of our age were proud of her smiles; she passed over the earth radiant as the light that shines on it: favoured by all things, she seemed even the favourite of love!—Adored by St. Clair, adoring him, what more was necessary to her felicity?—And this exquisite happiness was dashed from her lips, in the very moment in which she was beginning to appreciate it!

Oh, what then should have been her support, when all earthly consolation failed!—To what refuge ought she to have flown in her extreme misery?—She sought none, she rejected alleviation; *pride* made her endure life, *pride* alone assisted her to subdue the appearance of suffering; she knew not God, and she endeavoured not to know him!—To what has this terrible pride brought her?—To the *grave!*—Oh, this is a spectacle for humility, for deep reflection. In the very noon and splendor of beauty, Catherine bids adieu to life!—For magnificent halls and courtly palaces, she descends to the gloom and the damp of the grave!—That loveliness, which has so often attracted the eyes and the hearts of spectators, must become the prey of the noxious worm!—What a transition!"

Ella shuddered; Lady Fanny sobbed with hysteric violence.

"Oh, what could render a contemplation of this nature endurable to her," resumed Ella, "but *hope;* not the vain delusive hope produced by imagination, and fanciful philosophy, but the firm, assured hope of Christianity!—Catherine has reaped from her illness, an advantage which years of prosperity could never have bestowed on her. Her proudest days of happiness afforded her not half the satisfaction which she, at present, derives from the calm contemplation of that eternity, which is to be the recompence of patient endurance, and of faith."

Lady Fanny was silent; but she never forgot this conversation with Ella.

"Lindor, I have something to say to you," said Lockhart to his friend; "I am going to make a cursed fool of myself."

"Very possibly," returned Lord Lindor drily, "if you are not already one."

"After all, Lindor," continued Lockhart, unmindful of his lordship's reply, "it is only when one is on the very verge of an important action, that one becomes fully *sensible* of its importance. I have resolved, reflected, weighed, compared. The result is always obvious; I am determined, and yet I—I—hesitate!"

"Very paradoxical!"

"I wish, Lindor, that you would for once condescend to talk in *plain* terms, and avoid that style *d'alambiqué*, which is tiresome always, and ridiculous between us."

"Is it?" demanded Lord Lindor, quietly.

"Liberty—liberty," resumed Lockhart, "is always delightful:—what is it that prompts kings to sacrifice the happiness of the people to their own pleasures, but a desire of enjoying the perfection of liberty? What is it that drives the people to revolt, but this very inclination? What makes the captive madden, and the slave groan, but this desire? What renders the husband faithless, and the wife a coquette, but the irresistible inclination of enjoying at least the *shadow* of this precious possession? It is so hard to part with liberty!"

"*Very!*—Therefore, for me, there is only Lady Fanny,—Miss Emmingford,—or a voluntary exile!"

"Leave Lady Fanny out of the question. She chooses to go to the

devil with Harley. You were not so skilful as is usual with you in those manœuvres."

"It is easy to recover one false step!"

"No, no, no!—*Facilis descensus Averni, sed revocare gradum!* My Lord Lindor, credit me, you have no longer a chance with Lady Fanny."

"Is this the manner in which, to use your own words, you were about *to make a cursed fool of yourself?*" demanded Lord Lindor, quietly.

Lockhart paced the room with impatience. There was nothing so annoying to his hasty temper, as the imperturbable coldness of Lord Lindor.

"I would not have been here," said he, throwing his eyes round his lordship's apartment, "if it had been possible to commit myself without

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

first speaking of it. I am going to do a very foolish thing,—I feel all its folly, —and yet that untoward fate which always pursues me, *compels* me to rush into a snare with my eyes open."

Lord Lindor was contemplating some distant object with his eye-glass.

"You are in a similar predicament," resumed Lockhart with extreme impatience, "and yet with what confounded indifference you bear it! You are either the most miserable or the most enviable fellow upon earth!"

"Probably neither. We talk a great deal of extremes, but it is seldom that man feels them."

"In one word, Lindor, I am going to marry Lady Caroline Repton immediately."

"Immediately!"

"Yes; something I must resolve on; creditors press me; a thousand

demands are made on me. They must be satisfied. *Now* I may have Lady Caroline, if I like. Another month may change the situation of affairs. There are always fifty men ready to induce a wealthy widow to bestow herself on them. She is handsome,—but—ah, Lindor! with her indolence, her affectation, and her *nullity*, she would be intolerable but for her money!"

"You consider this affair by much too seriously, Lockhart; ninety-nine persons in every hundred marry with a much more terrifying prospect. Lady Caroline is rich,—her wealth is absolutely necessary to you,—she agrees to give it to you. Very well; is it difficult to accept that which will give us pleasure? It is true, you must at the same time take the lady. What then? You will not be obliged

to devote to her after marriage, half that time or half those attentions which you bestow on her now. I know, 'you are one of those gentle 'ones that will use the devil himself 'with courtesy,' and that politeness towards her will be no effort on your part. No rational woman ought to require more; and although Lady Caroline is *not* rational, certainly, she is *indolent*, which will answer your purpose quite as well, if not better."

Lockhart was consoled by this view of the subject. It is easy to contemplate all the advantages of a measure we are compelled to adopt. Lady Caroline's fine fortune not only would free him from embarrassments, but would also enable him to support a splendid establishment, and would give him that consequence which always results from such splendor.

In effect, Lockhart this evening proposed to Lady Caroline, that she should exchange the character of a widow for that of a bride. Lady Caroline's answer was at once characteristic and satisfactory. It would have been too great an exertion to follow the true female method, of refusing at first in order to increase the value of an ultimate acceptance. "I have no objection on earth," said she, "so that you will arrange the whole affair without giving me any trouble. My nerves cannot endure the confusion that usually attends these arrangements. Lady Fanny, or Miss Grafton, or Miss Emmingford, or any body, may decide what is proper for me to wear, and that sort of thing. Poor Chloe is not well here;—I want to get away; and going with you will save me the

ennui of inviting any one else. It may take place next Wednesday, and now give me my *sal volatile!*"

Lockhart did not indulge in the expression of those raptures which a less politic lover would have found it necessary to feign. He assured Lady Caroline that no exertion on her part would be necessary during the whole progress of the affair, except, indeed, the uttering of the responses in the matrimonial service.

Lord Lindor congratulated Lockhart on his easy conquest, and recurred to his own indecision. Miss Emmingford ardently desired that he should terminate that indecision, by releasing her from her condition of single blessedness.

When the approaching nuptials were publicly notified, with all due solemnity at North-House, she

endured the severest pangs of mortification and envy. Lord Lindor, perhaps, perceived her emotion, and charitably sought to dissipate it, by the most pointed and flattering attentions. But these flirtations were not approaches to the point to which Miss Emmingford so ardently desired to bring him. On the contrary, they appeared rather to throw her to a greater distance from it, by affording her continual proofs of the little impression they made on her fickle lover, who could resume his coldness with as little difficulty as it had cost him to adopt this fugitive tenderness.

Miss Burlington was quite happy. The task of selecting Lady Caroline's bridal wardrobe devolved on her. She had even the pleasure of remodelling some articles of dress,

which the bride elect would otherwise have given to her tire-woman. Her care descended also to the inspection of *confitures* and cakes. She had become acquainted with the housekeeper, who was indebted to her for many useful hints on the art of rendering her delicacies more *piquantes*. Miss Burlington became at once, from a being whose existence was only remembered in her presence, an important personage, without whose assistance nothing could possibly have been arranged satisfactorily. It was to her credit that she bore her newly-acquired honours, with a meekness that seemed to say, "thy handmaid is not worthy of this great honour which thou wouldst do unto her!" She consoled Miss Emmingford as usual, and joined in her abuse of Lady Fanny with as much

cordiality as if she had not obtained so important an accession of dignity. She visited the house-keeper's apartment, tasting the confectionary prepared for the nuptials, and pronouncing on its various excellencies with all the zest of an amateur. Lord Northbury remarked, that her dinner did not exceed that of a person with an ordinary appetite. Miss Burlington imputed it to continual occupation of mind: Miss Emmingford thought that her friend would degenerate into a person of *common* size. Lady Caroline perceived a change infinitely for the better, and to express her approbation in the most decided manner possible, she invited Miss Burlington to officiate as her bridemaid.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE nuptials of Mr. Lockhart and Lady Caroline Repton were celebrated with all imaginable splendor. The Earl of Northbury officiating as the Lady's father, forgot at once his own maladies, and her affectation. Miss Burlington was completely happy, and Miss Emmingford, supported by Lord Lindor, was almost content.

Amid the pomp and the splendor of the bridal paraphernalia, appeared the wan and attenuated form of the once brilliant Catherine. On either side of her stood Lady Fanny Lambeth and Miss Grafton, in the full bloom of youth and loveliness. The contrast was forcible.—*Her* views in

this life were necessarily confined to the events that might occur in the lapse of a few months at most. *They* contemplated the prospect of many years. Death was about to wrap his dark veil round her, and to shroud her from existence for ever!

To those of the party who reflected, her presence, in such a scene, was most melancholy. The hectic of her cheek and the terrible brightness of her eye,—the shortened and convulsive breathings,—the continual cough, —were the certain presages of dissolution. She was a living picture, from which was to be gathered a moral often inculcated, but never so powerfully impressive,—the union that exists between life and death.

The ceremony concluded, Lockhart and his bride attended by Miss Burlington and the "*blond comme un*

blondin" of Lady Caroline, left North House. Miss Emmingford sighed, as she watched the receding carriage; —she leaned rather more heavily on the arm of Lord Lindor, but he, preoccupied, was calm as usual.

Days passed away, and the existence of the bridal party was almost forgotten. We only remember the absent, when they are allied to us by the bonds of sentiment and affection. Even Miss Emmingford spoke no longer of her friend Miss Burlington; and Lord Lindor began to tire of *rhapsodizing* eternally on the delights of that pure friendship, which subsisted between himself and Lockhart.

The intimacy of Sir Albert Beverley and Ella Grafton increased hourly. The more he comprehended of her character, the more exalted did it appear. The most humble virtues re-

ceived in her a sort of heroic tinge, that rendered them more interesting. The unpretending manner in which she daily sacrificed her own enjoyments and habits to the comfort of Catherine, impressed him forcibly. It is so seldom that a female, possessing powerful attractions, can endure that their sphere of action should be confined to increase the amusement of an invalid of their own sex! In short, it is so seldom that a woman will condescend to be attractive, without any hope of captivating or of being admired.

The sentiment Sir Albert Beverley entertained for Ella Grafton was *love* in its most powerful character. He had been forcibly impressed by Catherine Lockhart,—he had been dazzled by her splendid endowments, —fascinated by her extreme beauty.

This amalgama of feelings had produced what might very readily be taken for *passion* without being in fact, *love*. It was admiration and affection united;—but it wanted that tenderness, that complete *abandonnement* of self, which distinguished the sentiment with which Ella inspired him.

Neither anxious about her fortune nor her actual position in society, he saw in her only the being without whom his future life would be desolate—with whom, a blooming paradise of happiness. His conduct to her insensibly assumed the character of love; his attentions admitted no other interpretation. It seemed, that Ella herself at length comprehended them.

A thousand times he execrated himself, that he had not been more cautious. No longer conversing with him with that freedom and confiden-

tial air, that had formerly regulated all their *tête-à-têtes,* she avoided him whenever it was possible to do so, and when unavoidably compelled to associate with him, her coldness and uneasiness were painfully conspicuous.

This conduct sensibly afflicted Sir Albert. It was inexplicable, and sometimes he was indignant at it. There is no feeling more terrible than that which succeeds the moment of awaking from a delightful illusion, in the continuance of which all our happiness had consisted! He continually endeavoured to penetrate the motive of her conduct without being able to assign any plausible one. Sometimes he imagined that she was already bound. — *Another's!* — Ella Grafton, who seemed moulded by nature to constitute his happiness,— every feature of whose mind appeared

adapted to his peculiar character,—*another's!*

In those moments when she was compelled to converse with him, he sometimes fancied that the heightened colour of her cheek resulted from an emotion the most flattering to him. The embarrassment, the occasional *timidity* of her manner combined to produce this impression: but the cold haughtiness that immediately succeeded it, rendered it at once inexplicable and tormenting.

Catherine's indisposition increased to a height that foreboded approaching dissolution. She was compelled to confine herself entirely to her apartment. Ella never quitted her, and Lady Fanny was gathering lessons of christianity in a scene where they cannot but be impressive, the sick chamber of a female, young, tran-

scendently lovely, blessed with unequalled talents, and yet bearing the prospect before her, not only with resignation, but with devout cheerfulness.

It was only during about an hour in each day, that Catherine received visitors in her dressing room. It was in these intervals only, that Sir Albert saw Ella. But it appeared that in the increased sufferings of her friend, she entirely forgot her own situation. Her manner to him had regained its former friendship. She no longer perceived the tenderness almost amounting to adoration with which he addressed her. The idea of Catherine dying completely absorbed her. She had not the power of admitting one sentiment distinct from it.

"Ella," said Catherine one evening after a day of extreme suffering, when only Miss Grafton and Lady Fanny

were with her, "Ella, is it wrong, that I should desire ardently to see St. Clair once again, before—before—I set out on this long journey?"

"Assuredly not;—no my Catherine, whilst we are yet mortals, we cannot shake off those affections which cling to humanity."

"I think," resumed Catherine, after a long pause,—"I think we shall both be the better for the interview. St. Clair will lament my death, when he ought, for my sake, to rejoice perhaps. If he could understand with what resignation and hope I contemplate it, he would be much less affected by it.—Poor St. Clair!—It is so hard to remember how we were separated!"

Catherine wept,—it was the last remnant of earthly feeling, and therefore to be forgiven.

Ella read to her, and gradually she regained her calmness.—The name of St. Clair sometimes escaped her, but it was always united with some sentence expressive of hope and consolation.

Lady Fanny contemplated every change in the countenance of Catherine with indescribable interest. She *felt* the danger of allowing any passion, however laudable, to become the dominant feeling of the soul. Perhaps, we never pity any misfortunes so much as those which resemble our own. Lady Fanny remembered Harley, —the cottage where dwelt the mistress of Harley.—She knew how hard it is to endure a separation, probably eternal, from him whom beyond all beings we love.

But she possessed not that capability of loving, that fervour, that

enthusiasm of passion, which had wrecked the peace of Catherine, and in the end reduced her to the brink of the grave. She wept the apparent guilt and the desertion of Harley, but she was capable of forgetting both in other reflexions.

It was very late this evening when Miss Grafton was summoned to a stranger.

He was in a morning-room, in a remote part of the house; his name, he said, was unimportant, and his business with Miss Grafton of the most private nature.

Ella did not occupy herself in conjectures on the probable subject of his errand. She proceeded immediately to the apartment in which he awaited her.

He stood with his arms folded on the mantle-piece, and his head buried

in them. Ella did not remember his figure. He appeared absorbed in profound meditations, and regarded not her entrance.—She closed the door with violence, in order to arouse him. He raised his head and turned to her.

His thick golden hair was matted and dishevelled. His deep blue eyes were sunk and dim. His cheek was pale even to ghastliness.—A horrible expression sometimes writhed his lips. His neck-cloth and waistcoat were stained with blood. Ella trembled. She knew him not. He rushed forward, and threw himself at her feet.

"Does she live?—Does she live?" —he exclaimed passionately, clinging to her knees; "tell me, does she live?"

"She does," replied Ella, who now, for the first time recognized him.

"Merciful God, I thank thee!"

Overcome by the violence of his emotions he fell on the floor. Ella hastened to procure assistance.

"No, no," said he, perceiving her design; "I shall be better in a moment; I came to die with *her;* my soul, wedded to her's through all eternity, will not, will not forsake her now!"

He arose. He walked again to the fire, and drew Ella along with him.

"She is not dead," he continued, "she could not die without me. God is merciful; mortals ought not to love as we have loved! It will be sufficient happiness to die together. We need not fear to enter the world of the dead in beggary! Death will be our nuptials; we shall commence immortality united to each other. We live but to die, and we die to live for

ever! Oh, my God! I thank thee that I have *believed!* To have worshipped THEE with *her*, would have been to realize a heaven on earth, and, leaving us nothing more to desire, would have wedded us too fondly to life! Ella, dear, lovely, gentle Ella, weep not for me! rather peal forth Anthems of joy that I am about to be eternally united to her I have loved, oh God! *how* have I loved her."

Miss Grafton felt the scorching heat of his attenuated hand. She observed the kindling of his eye with terror. He appeared to penetrate the cause of her emotion.

"Mad!—oh no, no, Ella, I am not mad!—Believe you, that when I have endured this long, long, separation from her, without an oblivion that would then have been bliss, that I shall be its victim when I am about

to enter immortality with her? I am going with my pure, my spotless bride, to *Heaven!* I am going to give a sister to seraphs; to unite in her song of praise and gratitude through eternity? I no longer behold the darkness of the grave; we shall quit these frail suffering bodies, and recognize, and love each other in our spiritual forms. And even in the tomb we shall not be separated! Let our clay mingle, Ella! It will not be a crime to be united thus; it will not!"

The increasing ghastliness of his countenance, the deep, sullen languor of his eye, the convulsive respiration, the tremulous agitation of every limb, impressed on the mind of Miss Grafton, that he was, indeed, approaching the grave with the rapidity of Catherine.

In the space of a moment she re-

viewed his life. Born to splendid prospects, endowed with almost unequalled talents, adored by a woman capable of appreciating him, these very circumstances which, at first, appeared so flattering, had conspired to precipitate him to the tomb!—

What a contrast! A very few years since, the vivacious, brilliant St. Clair was the admiration and the delight of the polished, imaginative Italians, the idol of their circles, the popular favourite of the hour!—

Now, bathed in blood, every hope of felicity in this life wrecked, changed past the knowledge of his most familiar friends, St. Clair presented one more proof of the terrible power of the passions.

"Ella," said he, leaning on Miss Grafton almost for support, "I am sick even unto death; but I shall not

die without her; my soul, already united to her's, can neither precede nor linger after it! What has supported us during our terrible separation, but this conviction! They kept me in ignorance of her situation, Ella, or I would not have delayed until this last moment. They would have treated me as a maniac, have bound me with fetters, and still have kept me from her, but *love* was stronger than all of them; oh, death itself is not more powerful!

"I have travelled hither. I know not how I lived to arrive. I felt that I *must* see her, I felt the impossibility of dying without her. I have had a weary and a heavy journey, and I do not dread the gloom of its conclusion!"

He paused, passed his hand over his temples, and looked round fearfully. He trembled, his teeth chat-

tered, death pressed heavily on him. He appeared sensible of the rapid strides he was making towards dissolution. He walked across the apartment with slow and staggering steps. He appeared to labour with some thought that was almost insupportable.

"Is she—is she much altered?" he demanded in hurried accents, as if endeavouring to lose the idea in the rapidity of his utterance. "Is there the pallidness and the terror of death in her countenance?" Is all "her loveliness faded, and her beauty clean gone out?" Shall I, shall I, have to witness a decay, which I could not bear?"

"Oh no, no," returned Ella with earnestness. "Catherine, in her proudest days, was never half so lovely as at present! Death never appeared in a form more beautiful!"

"Thank God! I could have borne any thing rather than that! And now, Ella,—lead—lead me to her."

Ella became pale; she dreaded the effect such an interview would have on both.

"Cruel!" exclaimed St. Clair, perceiving she hesitated: "Do you think that my Catherine would shrink from bidding me *farewell?* Do you think, that St. Clair is become an object of terror to her? Has she not rather wished to see, and,—yes, though I am her *murderer*, has she not wished to bless me?"

"She has," replied Ella, endeavouring to soothe him: "but at this moment; in your present condition,——"

"*Dare* not to fear me. Do you imagine that consideration for her would not immediately enable me to assume the appearance, not only

of composure but of rapturous felicity? Ella, believe there is nothing difficult to him who loves with that fervour which Catherine alone was able to inspire."

Ella no longer hesitated. Permitted by him, she went to prepare Catherine for the interview.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ELLA drew aside the curtain of her friend. The light fell on her countenance. She was sleeping tranquilly, and an expression of celestial serenity reposed on every perfect feature. Catherine had never been so beautiful. The deep hectic on her cheek, the blue veins appearing through her skin, the transparency of which was so increased by her malady, that the course of her blood was almost perceptible, gave to her a character unearthly. It seemed as if her beatitude had already commenced, as if in that state, she wore the form which had in this life been the abode of the

soul, but now purified from the grossness of corporeal existence.

She awoke. A sweet smile welcomed the appearance of Ella.

"I have slept well, and happily," she said; "if the felicity of paradise do not surpass the bliss of my dreams, it will be sufficient. You have been detained some time,"

"Yes, my friend was unhappy, and he required consolation."

"Unhappy? The greatest felicity of which human nature is susceptible, is that which results from a calm contemplation of death, and a conviction of the bliss to which we shall awake in immortality. You should have told him my story, Ella; and have asked, 'hast thou cause for unhap-'piness?'

"He already knew it."

"Did he? Oh, but he knew not

the holy satisfaction with which I contemplate death, he knew not, that forgetting the chill and the terror of the grave, I remember only the bliss that awaits me when I shall have passed its bourne: he knew not, that religion alone can subdue the passions, restore purity to the heart, and prepare it for the reception of immortal joys. It is those only who have felt and suffered like me, that can exactly appreciate the difference between time and eternity!"

"My friend believes it. He too has suffered equally with yourself, and he desires to receive from you a lesson of resignation, and of hope. Do you refuse to see him, Catherine?"

"It is St. Clair!" said Catherine, half raising herself, an expression of joy irradiating her whole countenance.

"It is St. Clair! Why did you not bring him to me? Is not my mind restored to tranquillity? Was there any preparation necessary to fortify a heart already fixed on eternity? Dearest Ella, you do not comprehend my present feelings, if you believe that I would exchange the prospect of an approaching realization of all my hopes of everlasting happiness, even for a life to be spent with St. Clair. I am ready to receive him,—bring him to me."

Ella recognized the energy of Catherine's character. She felt how powerful enthusiasm must be, when enlisted on the side of religion.

She returned to St. Clair,—he was impatiently awaiting her arrival.

"Will she see me, or is the sight of me to kill her?" he demanded, with that rapidity of utterance which is

sometimes the effect of extreme anguish.

"There was no preparation requisite," replied Ella; "her thoughts, her affections, are no longer *here*. It is the soul of St. Clair for which she is now anxious;—that alone has power to interest her."

"Look at me," said he, "I shall not alarm her now, shall I? I could not endure to become an object of terror to Catherine. See, I have concealed the blood,—*my* blood,—and have I not tranquillized my countenance? When it is all over, Ella, lay me by her side,—and I charge you, divide us not. Hasten,—I am ready!"

When they reached the door of Catherine's apartment, Ella's hand was on the lock. St. Clair placed his upon it, as if to prevent her imme-

diate entrance. His agitation became extreme.

"Ought I,—tell me, Ella,—ought I to gratify a selfish desire, to hazard the repose of Catherine? If I ought not,—behold,—however hard it may be to die without one adieu,—for her sake I am ready to suffer it.

"Oh, alone worthy of Catherine! would she, think you, be less generous? Enter St. Clair; fear not for her; in this scene, believe me, you will be the severer sufferer."

"Impossible! I ask but to die with her. That is all I hope,—all I desire:—think you that I shall be disappointed? At this moment, Ella, in the consciousness that I cannot survive her, I shall witness even her death with calmness. Enter,—I am no longer irresolute. I submit to the will of God."

The door opened. They approached the couch.

She was supported by pillows. Lady Fanny sat by her side, her arm thrown round her. The profuse hair of Catherine fell on her shoulders, and had been disposed by Lady Fanny so as to conceal the attenuation of her countenance. A bright colour glowed on her cheek, and her dark eyes beamed with a brilliancy scarcely usual to them. A gentle smile tempered the repose of her expression. She turned when they entered.

"It is St. Clair," said Ella.

He rushed towards her. He fell on his knees by her side. He seized the inimitable hand, so admired by him in days of happiness, and imprinted on it a thousand burning kisses. Scalding tears fell on it,—and yet it scarcely trembled.

"Catherine,—dear, adored Catherine,—I am come to die with you,—forbid me not!" he exclaimed, in a

voice broken by the violence of his agony.

The emotion of Catherine became uncontrollable. She wept.

"Wretch that I am, what have I done?" he exclaimed, when he perceived her distress; "was it not enough, that I have destroyed all thy brilliant hopes,—thy early promise,—that I have brought thee to the grave?—must I also chase the repose of thy dying hour,—and inflict on thee torments, which death itself could not?"

She leaned towards him,—she touched his cheek,—their tears mingled.

Still kneeling, he threw his arms round her. He clung to her as to his hope,—his last tie to earth.

Her lips touched his forehead. He felt their scorching heat, and he trembled as if impressed by the icy fingers of death.

It was a pause of indescribable feelings. It was the last gleam of earthly passion,—the re-vivifying of a flame previously to its final extinction.

"I have lived long enough!" said St. Clair; "I *desire* to die. I have tasted all the bliss life is capable of affording. I feel that I am loved by thee, my Catherine, as intensely as I love thee;—we shall die together!"

She sighed heavily.—"St. Clair, shall we meet again?"

"Oh believe it, my beloved! At this moment heaven is open to me! Oh, what were even thy love, if death could terminate it?—A dream,—a vanity! I ask to die with thee, as the dearest gift heaven can bestow on me!—But—Catherine,—if it should please HIM to try me yet further, I am ready to endure all,—to devote my life to HIS service for thy sake,—

and to the hope of meeting thee hereafter."

An expression of ineffable joy irradiated her countenance. She half raised herself. She looked at St. Clair with love too mighty for this world. She fell on his neck.—"My last thought was for thee!—Oh, my God, bless him!—I am happy!"—

She sighed heavily.—In that sigh her purified soul quitted for ever the beauteous form it had animated on earth.

St. Clair felt that she was dead Without withdrawing his arms, he threw himself by her side. His head reclined on her bosom. The blood gushed from his mouth and eyes. It stained the linen of Catherine. He perceived it. The bed shook with the violence of his agony. He groaned, and the name of *Catherine* was au-

dible.—In another moment he was deluged in his own blood. His arms still clasped the inanimate form on whose life his own had depended,—but *his* was as tranquil as cold!

Their souls already united on earth, were now enjoying the bliss of an eternal re-union.

CHAPTER XXX.

EVEN in death St. Clair still clung with fond tenacity to the form of Catherine. Ella, kneeling by the bed on which the bodies reposed, poured out her soul in prayer to God;—animated by the recollection of their mutual and holy confidence, she imagined that the released souls of the lovers hovered round her, and infused into her heart a portion of that happiness the perfection of which they were now enjoying.

Lady Fanny had never before contemplated death. She had talked of it,—sometimes reflected on it; but it is only when it is actually brought before our eyes, that we are impressed

with all its awfulness. It is when we behold the parting of the soul and the body, that we are lost in the immeasureable idea of a future existence,—an eternal one. Where has that spirit fled?—how did it endure to appear before the judgment seat of the Holy One? Surely, a whole life spent in deeds of faith and charity, could scarcely give confidence to support the approach of such a meeting!—Oh, what must be the terrors of those who awaken to a sense of their unfitness, only at the eleventh hour!

Not all Ella's instructions,—not the beautiful piety of her example,—not the view of Catherine's resignation,—had affected Lady Fanny Lambeth half so forcibly as the view of the death of Catherine and St. Clair. Both so young,—so lovely,—so ta-

lented,—so adored,—misfortune still had blighted them, and death had extended his remorseless hand to seize so beauteous a prey.

The gloom of preparation, — the apartment hung with black,—the exclusion of the day-light, and the ghastly splendor of the tapers,—the coffin containing the two bodies, still embracing, — the terrible pall, that seemed to separate the living from the dead,—affected the most unthinking.

Lord Lindor contemplated these emblems of his own mortality with emotion.—

" But after all," said he, struggling to retain his infidel coldness, " what is there in this more than occurs every day ? Each hour thousands are mown down by the scythe of the destroyer. We ought

not to be affected by so usual an occurrence. We are the phantoms of a dream, and if in this dream we see strange spectacles, we ought not to suffer them to disturb us; we ought to remember their want of reality, their emptiness, their vanity. The mind is bewildered in conjectures on the probability of its own existence. The more it reflects, the more it is baffled by uncertainty. It is impossible to argue without a thesis. The souls of Catherine and of St. Clair,—if indeed there *be* a soul which retains its consciousness, when the body to which it has heretofore been indissolubly united, shall decay,—may already be on the wing to animate new forms, and to forget, at once, every scene in which they have been engaged in their former existence. We know nothing, and we are nothing.

‡

Those who are conscious that, after their most patient researches on such a subject, they must still arrive at the very point where they first set out, deride the speculations of divines, and smile at the obscurities of revelation."

Ella's 'grave rebuke, severe in 'youthful beauty,' awed the blasphemer into silence. Lady Fanny shrunk from him in terror, and with even childish, though not illaudable fear, she avoided with shuddering care all possibility even of coming in contact with him.

St. Clair and Catherine were interred at midnight, in the vault where reposed the founder of the race of Northbury, and his successors. The flashing of the torches glaring on the sepulchral ornaments; the mourning habiliments contrasting with faces

pale from regret or from terror—the solemnity of the service—the slow chaunt for the dead—the ashes rattling on the coffin, which was soon to be occupied by *such* clay—the piles of the dead around, crumbled into dust, or even at that moment mouldering into decay, these are the attributes of death, the irresistible appeals to the heart! Ella and Lady Fanny witnessed the terrible rite. The young and the blooming were at that moment being consigned to the tomb: around them reposed all that remained of ambitious statesmen, ferocious warriors, brilliant wits; all of beauty, pomp, and valour!

Oh, in such scenes as these the heart feels that there is nothing on earth worthy the toil of attainment! The conquests of a Cæsar, the patriotism of a Brutus, the genius of an

Homer, and the beauty of a Helen, were all to find this termination.

* " Shall we build to *Ambition?* Oh, no!
" Affrighted he shrinketh away;
" For see! they would fix him below
" In a small narrow cave, and begirt with cold clay,
" The meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey!

" To *Beauty?* Ah, no!—she forgets
" The charms which she wielded before—
" Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
" The skin which but yesterday fools could adore,
" For the smoothness it held, or the tint which it wore.

---

* These lines were written in Richmond Church-yard, Yorkshire, by the late HERBERT KNOWLES, of Canterbury, who died at the early age of nineteen, in April, 1817. The first verse of the poem is not quoted. They are a paraphrase on Matthew 17—4.

" Shall we build to the purple of *Pride*—
" The trappings which dizen the proud?
" Alas! they are all laid aside—
" And here's neither dress nor adornment allow'd,
" But the long winding-sheet and the fringe of the shroud:

" To *Riches*? alas! 'tis in vain—
" Who hid, in their turns, have been hid—
" The treasures are squandered again—
" And here, in the grave, are all metals forbid,
" But the tinsel that shone on the dark coffin lid.

" To the pleasures which *Mirth* can afford—
" The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?
" Ah! here is a plentiful board!
" But, the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
" And none but the worm is a reveller here!

" Shall we build to *Affection* and *Love*?
" Ah no! they have wither'd and died,
" Or fled with the spirit above—
" Friends, brothers, and sisters, are laid side by side,
" Yet none have saluted, and none have replied!

"Unto *Sorrow?*—The dead cannot grieve,—
"Not a sob, not a sigh, meets mine ear,
"Which compassion itself could relieve,
"Ah! sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love, nor fear,—
"Peace, peace, is the watch-word, the only one here!

"Unto *Death*, to whom monarchs must bow?
"Ah, no! for his empire is known,
"And here there are trophies enow!
"Beneath, the cold dead, and around the dark stone,
"Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown!

"The first tabernacle to *Hope* we will build!—
"And look for the sleepers around us to rise!
"The second to *Faith*, which ensures it fulfill'd—
"And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
"Who bequeathed us them both when he rose to the skies!"

When the first powerful impression produced by this melancholy event, had subsided, Sir Albert had leisure to reflect on his actual position with Ella.

In memory of Catherine and of St. Clair, she wore the deepest mourning. In this dress she more than ever resembled her inflexible cousin. Never had the similarity of their figures, the turn of the head and of the features, struck him so forcibly. It was in expression and in manner only that they differed. In his ward there was an apathetic sternness that disgusted; in Ella, a softness, a dignified gentleness that irresistibly attracted. Her mild and retired sorrow was the more touching, because it had not that revolting character of obtrusiveness and display, which seems to demand admiration on the score of

possessing extreme sensibility, rather than to invite sympathy by the uncomplaining patience of its silence.

Ella was as glad to exert the powerful influence her superior talents gave her over others, for their advantage, as she had formerly been to sacrifice her own comfort in alleviating Catherine's sufferings. She watched and encouraged the progress of Lady Fanny's approaches to christianity, with sedulous and indefatigable attention. Every seed was nourished with care. She did not delight in embarrassing her with polemic subtleties, or the doubtful speculations of controversial divines. She did not inundate her with a deluge of tracts, commentaries, and discourses, in proof of one particular set of opinions. —"Here is the Bible, the great rock of Christianity," said she. "It is the

peculiar blessing of our religion, and a decided proof of its authenticity, that what is *necessary* is as obvious to the dullest understanding, as to the most enlightened. Knotty and abstruse points serve to occupy scholastic disputants, and biblical commentators. It is sufficient for us to seize on what is obvious, and to practise doctrines which we understand."—

Lady Fanny still retained her *naiveté*, but she had lost a considerable portion of those animal spirits, which had once been so delightful. Harley's absence, so prolonged, and so mysterious, was the cause to which this depression might be traced.

To talk of him relieved her, and Ella had always something consoling to observe. Lady Fanny, with her accustomed inconsideration, would

sometimes even discuss this subject in the presence of Sir Albert.

"Did he not tell you, Sir Albert Beverley," she said one evening in the presence of Ella, "did he not tell *you* why he left us."

"No; of this only I am confident, whatever the mystery may be, its elucidation will reflect no discredit on Harley."

"Oh, but I had such proof!—Was it not forcible, Ella?—Did not the man assure me that that superb cottage was Harley's—the residence of his mistress!—That he was a seducer—a *murderer* almost!"

"If there is a mystery," said Ella, "I think it is fair to believe, that Mr. Harley would take such precautions, as to prevent its reaching the ears of the vulgar. That he loved you is certain, and that he quitted you with pain was obvious."

"*He loved me!*" said Lady Fanny earnestly. "Yes, notwithstanding my folly, my coquetry, my unthinkingness, he loved me. Oh Ella, make me more worthy of that love; that when he returns he may recognize in me no longer the flippant, unreflecting Fanny Lambeth, but the grateful, the affectionate pupil of Ella Grafton! —Ella, you know so well what love is,—have you ever loved?"

The deep crimson of Miss Grafton's face was pale even compared to that which flushed the cheek of Sir Albert. He awaited her answer with indescribable impatience.

"If I have loved and happily, probably I shall soon be able and proud to avow it. If I do not love, or love unworthily,—you surely would not have me turn king's evidence, when I should criminate only myself, on the score of insensibility or of folly."

This sentence was not uttered without emotion. Once, indeed, Sir Albert fancied that a tear trembled in Ella's eye. If this were really the case, she loved either without the hope of return, or she had been deceived, or being bound to one she was devoted to another. Something whispered to him that *he* certainly was not indifferent to her. And that tear,—that witching tear,—to what source might it be traced?

Again his attentions towards her assumed that unequivocal tenderness, which the preceding events had, in some measure suspended, or at least they had rendered it imperceptible. Again he was pained by her repulsive coldness, and as often as a declaration hovered on his lips, so often was he deterred from making it by some change in her manner, which seemed

to indicate the certainty of her refusal.

In these moments her countenance acquired that extraordinary and powerful resemblance to her incomprehensible cousin, which sometimes impressed him with a feeling approaching to a conviction of their identity. But it passed away, not more fleeting than such a conviction; she laid aside her coldness when the cause for it ceased, and became again, the irresistible, the attractive, the dangerous Ella Grafton.

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN proportion as Lady Fanny Lambeth's complete indifference to Lord Lindor became more obvious, his admiration and attachment to her seemed to increase.

This was an effect on which Miss Emmingford had not calculated. She had estimated accurately enough the vanity that formed no inconsiderable part of the composition of her noble lover. She believed that this vanity, piqued at the coldness of Lady Fanny, would seek to revenge the wound it had received by marrying herself. And thus proving his complete indifference to her young rival. On the contrary, this very vanity served only

as a stimulant to his passion. He was piqued into the resolution of conquering,—not only her aversion to him, but her avowed affection for another.

To effect this end, he assumed a thousand different characters. By turns he was gallant as a *preux chevalier*, or had all the tenderness and sentiment of a Persian Poet. His genius was employed in composing rhapsodies descriptive of *his* passion, and *her* extraordinary coldness. Sonnets in English, French, and Italian, found their way to her dressing-table every morning, as regularly as her tire-woman presented herself there. But he still avoided any explanation that might have terminated in a direct refusal;—he believed, and perhaps justly, that he had sufficient penetration to discover the precise

moment when it would be politic in him to desist from further pursuit, and thus he might not only avoid the mortification of rejection, but even assume all the *éclat* of voluntary desertion.

Miss Emmingford understood nothing of the game that was playing, except, indeed, his decided neglect of herself. It was impossible to misinterpret this, but she was indefatigable in searching after excuses to extenuate his fault, and remove from her the unpleasant conviction that a woman of thirty, with a mind perfectly common-place, is infinitely less attractive than a girl of nineteen, possessing a brilliant wit. Her ingenuity was rewarded by success; she found a thousand reasons for a conduct so mortifying, which to herself, at least, appeared sufficiently specious.

She wrote her sentiments to her faithful friend and confidant, Miss Burlington, thus:

" TO MISS BURLINGTON,

" HARRY LOCKHART'S, ESQ.

" NO. —, PORTLAND-PLACE,

" LONDON.

" North-House.

" I have not the least hesitation in affirming, that you are at this moment perfectly happy. Enjoying the satisfaction which your benevolent nature must feel in contemplating the happiness resulting from an union founded on the purest motives, not retarded by fickleness, but approached by mutual and undeviating constancy, —not the flimsy attachment of two children, which evaporates at the sight of a newer face, but the decided preference of maturer life when the

mind is capable of judging,—I say, it is not surprising, my very dear Rosamond, that absorbed by these delightful felicities, you forget a friend who, in despite of extreme unhappiness, recurs fondly to the recollection of your unchangeable attachment, and desires ardently to repose all her sorrows on your friendly bosom.

"Lady Caroline Lockhart, married to the man of her choice, must enjoy a happiness compared to which all other bliss is contemptible. I should be perfectly satisfied if my betrothed, my faithless Lindor, had any portion of his friend's constancy, and, I may add, discernment. It is mortifying to a person whose judgment is matured by some experience, whose caprice time has displaced to make room for reason, whose princi-

ples habit has rendered firm, and who has lost the *inclination* at least, to coquetry,—it is mortifying, I repeat, to such an one, to see a child, an unformed girl preferred to her, although that preference, it is evident, is the result merely of caprice or fancifulness, and when its momentary influence is past, will certainly never recur even to memory, but as an additional proof of the policy of constancy to a deserving object of whose affection long trial has afforded security; and of the happiness that results from honourable conduct only.

"I confess to you, my dear friend, —and believe me, it is with great pain I make the avowal,—I confess to you, that lately Lindor's attentions to Lady Fanny Lambeth, have been of such a nature as to leave me scarcely any doubt, that disregarding the love

which has, for so many years, kept me single for his sake,—which has induced me to refuse so many advantageous offers,—(I will mention no names, because I conceive that such a proceeding would be indelicate)—which has not always wanted attraction for him; he has dedicated himself to her with a devotion, of which, hitherto I believed him incapable, and has abandoned me with a desertion the more cruel, because it is perceptible to every one, and because it enables her to enjoy a triumph that, in truth, I had anticipated for myself.

"If there were any real superiority in Lady Fanny, I should feel his conduct much less poignantly. On the contrary, she is exceedingly deficient in that solidity which I have always considered the princi-

pal attraction in the female character. She possesses, it is true, an abundant portion of those superficial accomplishments, which are to be acquired only at the expense of information much more valuable and important. If Lindor expects that I should play, and sing, and dance, and make *bon-mots* with the facility of Lady Fanny Lambeth, he certainly under-rates my mental faculties, and the portion of common-sense, which I have been indefatigable in endeavouring to attain. I call that time mis-spent which is occupied in pursuits so frivolous, and I consider learning of a more serious nature incompatible with that interesting inferiority, which it is so much the interest of our sex to preserve. Thus you perceive, that I dislike books in general, as being entirely out of the female province,

and an encroachment on the Rights of Man.

"Lindor's sentiments on this subject, were formerly the same as my own. At present, if I may judge from his conduct, they are entirely changed. If he wishes to have his establishment conducted with dignity, and yet with economy, I believe that I am as capable, as any other woman in the United Kingdom, of undertaking such a charge. Can he expect that Lady Fanny Lambeth will be a proper person to represent the dignity with which the female head of the family of Lindor ought to be invested? Will her frivolous and ornamental accomplishments avail her any thing in such a situation? Ought the representative of the honours of this noble family,—the mother of its future heir,—to be seen mixing with the *élégantes*

of the day,—a member, perhaps, of a blue-stocking club, and a sort of female Mæcenas, on whose purse needy authors and men of letters will be making hourly and successful demands?

"I confess to you, that notwithstanding the cruelty of Lord Lindor's late conduct to myself, I am still determined to compel him to fulfil our engagement. I have love for him sufficiently strong to overcome that delicacy which has hitherto been the active principle of my life. I will loudly proclaim my wrongs. I will seek redress from the justice of my country. I have innumerable letters containing protestations of his regard, and promises of marriage, when I can have leisure to look for them. I am convinced that our union will be the most advantageous measure he can

possibly adopt. And if he is so blind to his own interest as to imagine otherwise, my affection for him is powerful enough to lead me, not only to *think* but to *act* for him.

"Above all, I am resolved that that child,—that infantile Lady Fanny Lambeth, shall not triumph over me, with impunity. I intend, as soon as I shall have received your answer, to ask Lindor decidedly, whether he designs to fulfil his engagement.—If he refuses, I shall have certain grounds to proceed upon.—If he consents, there will be a termination to all my anxiety, and my day of triumph will commence.

"I request you, my very dear Rosamond to favour me with your advice immediately. You, doubtless, perceive that the present moment is very important to me, and that I am arrived

at the most interesting period in the life of a woman; remember, that there is a *possibility* of this being my last chance, and it is certainly essential to secure it.

"I attend, in the midst of my severe distress, to our benevolent societies, as usual. '*Charity covers a multitude of sins.*'

"I am, my dear Rosamond,

"Most affectionately your's,

"LAURA EMMINGFORD."

"TO MISS EMMINGFORD,

"EARL OF NORTHBURY'S,

"NORTH HOUSE,

"———SHIRE.

"Portland Place.

"We have this day an invitation to dine at the Duchess Dowager of Z——'s, who gives precisely the best entertainments in London. I

mention this circumstance to you, my dear Laura, in order that you may understand how much I consider your peace, by employing those hours in writing to you, which are generally occupied by me, on such occasions; in walking, so that the appetite may be allowed every possible advantage of action. But your friendship is ten thousand fold more precious to me than dinners even so good as her Grace of Z——'s. At the same time this explanation will prepare you for excusing many inaccuracies and so forth; remember also, I am a very poor scribe; I leave elegant writing to those who profess it; for myself, I confess that I consider it quite as much out of the female sphere as reading itself.

"I have your letter open before me, so that I may answer every part

in due order. You express your conviction of my happiness. It is true that it is sufficiently pleasant to witness the felicity of one's friends, when such a felicity exists; but there are several circumstances absolutely essential to content, which one seldom enjoys.

"My beautiful friend, Lady Caroline Lockhart, is by much too beautiful and too indolent to *ennui* herself with the regulation of her house. Mr. Lockhart is too fine a gentleman to remain at home when he has engagements abroad, and therefore takes little notice of the deficiencies of his own table, which are miserably glaring when we dine *en famille.*

"Picture to yourself the misery a person of my susceptibility must endure, in witnessing the most inconvenient arrangements. Bad food, ill dressed;—stale fish, done to complete

jelly, and nondescript soup, too cold to swallow; *haggis* without any thing *piquant*, and wild-fowl so disguised that it is impossible to discover what it is;—generally compose our almost *uneatable* dinners. This is really not only annoying but distressing; and if it were not that we dine out five days in the week, I must certainly endure the exquisite mortification of quitting my tender and excessively dear friend, Lady Caroline, or heroically resolve to lose my life, in order to afford her the satisfaction of my presence a few days longer.

"Lady Caroline is too indolent, and too fashionable to be either very happy or very miserable. Nothing disturbs her usual tranquillity. She is neither elated with joy, nor depressed with grief. She received the news of the death of her beautiful

sister-in-law, with as much indifference, as the card of *invite* to the Duchess' dinner-party; she read neither of the notes quite through; philosophically observing, that as the half had been sufficient to render her *au fait* of the contents, it was a waste of time and patience to read the whole; that the one gave her the vapours, and the other impressed her with horror at the idea of dying of a surfeit.—[I think, for my own part, if I were to choose the *manner* of my death, I would rather it should be of this description than of any other; it would be the penalty resulting from excess of pleasure; certainly, there would be a grievous consideration, that we should never eat again.—Heigh-ho!—the thought makes one sigh].—Then she had recourse to her sal volatile and her Chloe, whilst I

gave orders for her mourning, and accepted the Duchess' invitation.

"Lockhart was terribly affected. He shut himself up for three whole days, and would not see even his tailor. An invitation to a billiard party at the notorious Marquis of ——'s for the fifth day, proved victorious, and the fourth was dedicated to a consultation with Mr. —— of Bond Street, his and Lord Lindor's infallible *marchand des modes.*

"You execrate Lord Lindor's folly in preferring the blushing *unformedness* of nineteen, to the majestic grace of thirty. I cannot conceal from you, that this sort of preference has been very much the rage of late; if a man marries a woman of this mature age *now*, it is said immediately, that interest was the only passion that occupied him. To avoid the appear-

ance of selfishness, therefore, he woos and wins some beauty of nineteen, who is run after as an angel for the next ten years of her life, and, if she have a certain share of wit and accomplishments, and what they call *tact*, is afterwards worshipped as a goddess, until she presents to the world her marriageable daughters, and is contented to relinquish her claims to adoration in their favour.

"Those accomplishments which both you and myself despise, are admired and cultivated with almost incredible assiduity in these circles, and frequently take the *pas* even of wealth and beauty. There is so much *éclat* attending the exhibition of them, that I believe I do not mistake, when I affirm, that if you, my very dear friend, had possessed them, Lord Lindor would not have been seduced

from you by the appearance of them in Lady Fanny Lambeth.

"I showed Lockhart your letter, because you by no means appeared to desire secrecy, and because I was anxious that you should have the benefit of his advice in an affair so momentous as the bringing an action against Lord Lindor for a breach of promise.

"He talked long on the subject, but as I could not remember the half of what he said, I desired him to write his sentiments down. He expresses himself strongly in some parts, but I know you will forgive it, when you remember, that anxiety for your interest could alone prompt it.

"'The woman,' said he, 'who can so far depart from the modesty and the retirement prescribed to her sex,

as to meditate even an action of this sort, has violated all claim to the countenance of respectable and virtuous females, and is an associate adapted only to the profligate and vicious, because in *heart* she is as abandoned as they, and we may reasonably suppose that a dread of the world's censure, not an innate principle of rectitude, is the only consideration which prevents her *conduct* from becoming openly and notoriously flagrant.

"'I do not believe that Miss Emmingford has those proofs of the validity of Lindor's engagement to her which she pretends. I know him better perhaps than she does, and I am confident that it is quite inconsistent with the general tenour of his conduct, to commit an action so irrational and so mad. The man

who grants a woman the power to *menace* him into an union with her, is either a fool or a madman. And if even Lindor had been imprudent enough to give, in a moment of delirium, a promise of this nature to Miss Emmingford, no threats can compel him to fulfil it. She may bring her action,—she may hear herself justly insulted in a court of justice,—she may be willing to encounter the scorn of every virtuous and delicate female,—she may endure the obloquy of her own sex, and the derision, the contempt, the profligate advances of ours;—she may resolve to support all this, and what will she gain by it? A pecuniary compensation will probably be awarded to her, and Lindor, rather than pay it, will submit to eternal exile. And to imagine that in order to avoid the

publicity of this affair, he will offer her that hand which she must value, because she would not hesitate to act thus unworthily, that she might obtain it, is to believe, that he who was always courting notoriety, in every possible manner, will shun it, when he can attain it without even taking his usual trouble in such cases.

"'Tell Miss Emmingford, that to suppose the man who believed himself honoured by Lady Fanny Lambeth's preference, would forsake that girl for her, is to judge that he would prefer the everlasting snow and frigidity of the poles, to the eternal and exhilarating sunshine of the tropics. Decaying beauty, like a garment long worn, has lost all the gloss and the elegance which first attracted the purchaser. It must never compete with the freshening glow of youth,

because such a competition would be ridiculous and would ultimately terminate in defeat. A common-place mind is thrown into very deep shade when contrasted with brilliant accomplishments and high cultivation. A hacknied manner, and an address which any woman may possess, are seen to inconceivable disadvantage, when compared with that irresistible *naiveté*, that eternal change, which exists in Lady Fanny. A methodical *manière d'être* has a very bad chance of gaining the prize from that rapturous *enjouissance*,—those untutored and dazzling bursts of genius and of fancy, which captivate the heart, even in the moment when it imagines that it most reprehends them. Above all, Miss Emmingford's *age* presents a barrier which Lord Lindor would pass with

about as much ease as he would be able to penetrate through regions of ice to the pole.'—

"I thought, my dear Laura, that it would be much better for me to give you a fair transcript of Mr. Lockhart's opinion on this subject, than to suppress such parts as were rather severe. You will of course act exactly as you please. I shall be satisfied with whatever mode of conduct you may be likely to adopt. But really there is so much difficulty and trouble in these law affairs, that I would rather remain single all my days, than subject myself to the trouble and inconvenience of litigation.

"I have already established a society similar to our's at ———, by which I hope to gain the thanks of the secretary. I see him frequently,

and to disguise nothing from you, I believe that I shall soon preside over an establishment of my own, when I calculate on the pleasure of a visit from you. I promise you excellent dinners, which are always a matter of consideration; I have the choice of two cooks; one lately lived in that capacity with my Lord the Bishop of ———, the other with my Lord Chief Justice ———: I am, at present, undetermined in my choice; the latter keeps most company, but the former is the greater epicure.

"I have only half an hour to prepare for my visit. The Duchess gives the best entertainments in London, in *our* part of it at least. The east is quite another thing, and I really believe, if it were not so horribly vulgar, that I should make myself known to my cousin, the Alderman, at Hackney.

"With compliments to my Lord Northbury and his circle, I am, my very dear Laura,

"Your's most sincerely,

"ROSAMOND BURLINGTON."

"P. S. Have you heard any thing from Harley? I believe a tale about his cottage *orné* and his mistress, nearly spoiled an excellent dinner at North House once. But for this, I imagine I should have forgotten his existence."

CHAPTER XXXII.

ELLA's coldness to Sir Albert Beverley, instead of decreasing, became more determined as his character was more developed. Several instances of his benevolence, his magnanimity, and the grandeur of his soul were daily occurring, which Lady Fanny, without having any particular end in view, always spoke of in the presence of Ella. Miss Grafton listened with coldness, and when reproached by her friend with injustice to Sir Albert, she said calmly, "It is not I who am unjust, it is you who are partial. You seem not to perceive, that the very most we can do, is but our duty. Would you then have me

unite in your extravagant encomiums on Sir Albert Beverley, because he does that which it would be infamous in him to neglect?"

Ella bore the death of Catherine with resignation, but not with apathy. She did not complain, and harangue eloquently on her misery in being deprived of a friend who so well understood her. She pursued her usual occupations with regularity and calmness; a sigh or a tear were more affecting tributes to the memory of Catherine, than a studied eulogium, or an elaborate declamation.

Ella had assisted and instigated Lady Fanny in many plans of benevolence. Aided by the Earl, who took delight in the completion of their laudable projects, they had founded a school, which they regularly inspected, and where they distributed rewards to

encourage attention and industry. They visited the houses of the poor, ministered to the wants of the infirm and the aged, and supported orphans. Ella on these occasions, appeared a guiding angel, dwelling on earth for the sole purpose of benefiting humanity. "Oh, to be *second* to you," said Lady Fanny, "is the only distinction to which I aspire: That is praise enough!"

One evening Lady Fanny was confined at home by a violent sore throat. Ella had promised to visit the dying mother of four fatherless children, and she would not violate her word. She set out alone.

Sir Albert was walking when she left North House. On his return, he inquired for her, and immediately went in pursuit of her.

He could no longer endure the un-

certainty which at present tormented him. He resolved to explain himself openly and honourably, and to receive, this evening, Ella's final decision.

Having once ascertained what line of conduct he ought to pursue, it was no trifling circumstance that could induce Sir Albert Beverley to swerve from it. And yet, at this moment, agitated by a thousand alternate doubts and hopes, he almost feared he was on the eve of acting with a precipitation, which he might hereafter bitterly repent.

If she refused him, he would see her no more; all the delightful hours he had passed in her society were gone, never to be restored. The harmony that had subsisted between them might be broken, and its tone never recalled, but with painful re-

gret. He had admired Catherine, had regretted, and had ceased to love her; but he felt that his own existence was interwoven with that of Ella, and that the prospect of an eternal separation from her, could not be endured by him.

In the midst of these and similar reflexions, he met the object of them returning from her visit, with a countenance glowing with health, exercise, and above all, with satisfied benevolence.

The bliss of her internal sensations, imparted itself to her manner. Happy in her own heart, she accosted Sir Albert with a vivacity, that seemed anxious to inspire all within the sphere of its influence, with similar content. There was an elasticity in her whole form, a dazzling brightness in her eye, that playing in unison, every moment produced a new effect. She was always

fascinating; and her power over the heart was the more certain, because its progress was so gradual, that the captive had already lost his liberty, before he suspected that he was approaching his prison.

"It is a delicious evening!" said Sir Albert, as they walked on together.

It *was* a delicious evening; the very air breathed of purity and holiness. But Sir Albert had thrice made this observation, and Ella had thrice replied to it before either of them recollected that repetition had rendered it trite.

They were approaching North-House, before Sir Albert had gained courage to speak on that subject which entirely occupied him. And even then, he introduced it with an abruptness which he would not have used, if he had felt less.

"Ella, I love you!" said he, and his voice and manner gave energy to a sentence which was, in itself, the most expressive that could possibly be uttered,

Embarrassed beyond description, Ella did not reply.

Encouraged by her silence, with all the rapidity and the eloquence of a lover, who feels his fate hang on the decision of a moment, he described the progress of his passion,—its force, —and the entire dominion it had acquired over him. Gaining confidence as he proceeded, he explained all his doubts, his fears, his struggles, and his dread of her refusal. He even referred to those ambiguities in her conduct which had so much disturbed him.

He looked at her,—an arch smile, for a moment, dimpled her mouth.

Somewhat assured by her countenance, with all the happy presumption of a lover, who believes himself about to attain the very summit of happiness, he ardently insisted on her replying to him immediately.

Ella was still silent.

This conduct was so contrary to her usual candour and openness,—to her unwillingness to give pain,—and to her general aversion to coquetry,—that Sir Albert dreaded lest a silence so inauspicious should be the result only of a fear of inflicting on him that distress, which he had described as the certain attendant on her refusal.

Better to endure the worst than this doubt!—He besought her to release him from a suspense which had become insupportable.

She was still silent.

He looked in her countenance, en-

deavouring thus to penetrate her sentiments. It was bathed in tears.

"Ella, good God! what can I have said to cause all this emotion? A word from you, and I am gone for ever! But oh, rather give me the blessed privilege of wiping away your tears,—or if they must flow, suffer me to know the cause, and let me, at least, sympathize with you!"

"Impossible—impossible!" she released her arm from his, and entered the house instantly.

Sir Albert remained in a stupor of astonishment. Was this generous in her,—was it what he had expected from Ella Grafton? Had he been deceived, and was she superior to the rest of her sex only by consummate art?

For a moment he endured that exquisite torture, which results from

the conviction of having loved a being unworthy of our love. Unable to support the pain of it, he dismissed it as unjust to Ella and to himself. "No!" thought he; "to imitate so exactly the perfection of an angelic nature would require the art of the master dæmon; and even then, there are points in the lapse of events, which would have been potent as Ithuriel's spear, to detect the imposture."

A sleepless night succeeded to the important avowal he had made. Painful reflections chased each other with all the rapidity of mental action. He felt that he was about to lose those hopes, which had for so long a time constituted his felicity:—and he felt also, that even in despite of despair, notwithstanding all that casuists have affirmed, he should still love.

The morning dawned, and he arose. He contemplated the splendid rising of the sun, struggling to elevate itself above the distant hills, and to disperse the mists of the night. For the first time, he beheld the magnificence of opening day with indifference. All the powers of his mind were absorbed by one object;—all his future felicity was involved in the events that were to occur, during the lapse of this day.

He descended into the gardens, and paced them with the irregularity of a man who is disengaged from all external contemplations. A thousand times he was on the point of deciding that Ella had departed widely from her character, and that such an aberration must be the result of the most blamable inconsistency; as often he rejected the idea with disdain,—and

he felt that the certainty of her engagement to another, would be attended with much less pain, than such a suspicion inflicted.

A light footstep interrupted his meditations. He looked up; Ella herself stood before him.

Her cheek was pale as "monumental alabaster." Her eyes were heavy. But there was a kindness in the expression of her countenance, which might render her acceptance more gracious; her refusal, less severe.

Sir Albert Beverley, distinguished by a proud and even chivalrous heroism, trembled before the downcast eye of Ella Grafton. He had not the power to speak.

She gave him a letter.—"I could not trust this to a servant, because it might have excited suspicion, which,

for both our sakes, should be avoided. I knew that you generally walked in a morning, and I have been watching for an opportunity of presenting it to you."

Before he could reply, she was gone.

He returned immediately into his own apartment. He threw himself on a chair, and hesitated to break the seal. It bore the German impression "*Vergiss-mein-nicht*;"* his hand trembled, and he laid, it on the table. He paced through the room, with rapid and disordered steps; smiled at his irresolution, slowly re-approached his seat; snatched up the letter, and tore it open.

"TO SIR ALBERT BEVERLEY, BART."

"You have already accused me of

* Forget me not.

want of candour and of generosity. I know you so well, that I am perfectly ascertained of this point. It was to those qualities that I am indebted for a preference, which is, at once, a source of pride and of regret to me, and you the more forcibly perceived their absence.—Suspect me not of coquetry.—I will not deny, that your manner to me, of late, has been so unequivocal that I had scarcely any doubt of your attachment to me. There was nothing I so much dreaded, as to be beloved by Sir Albert Beverley. I assumed a coldness which *can*not have been more painful to you, than it was to myself:—I ardently desired, that this conduct should produce the effect of recalling to your recollection, the engagement that has so long bound you. I did not succeed, and,—let me

not, however, speak of my own feelings; at this moment, I ought to think only of yours.

"Oh yes, Sir Albert, from the very commencement of our acquaintance, the existence of this engagement has been known to me.—I was aware that whilst yet you were only emerging from the weakness of childhood, a mutual bond was given by your father and the unfortunate Eustace Grafton, that their children should be united, immediately on their attaining the respective ages of twenty-six and eighteen.

"Why this engagement was not fulfilled at the appointed time, it is not for me to determine. Perhaps, the eccentricities of Mr. Grafton, by keeping his daughter on the continent, deferred it so long.—Its existence, however, is indisputable, for

I have *seen* it;—and I know Ella Grafton, your ward, so well, that I am convinced nothing could prevent her obeying the will of a father so beloved, —above all, when it would be an obedience paid only to his memory.

"Think on Ella for a moment, Sir Albert.—Aware of the existence of this engagement, and commanded by the dying voice of her parent to reside under the same roof with you until it was fulfilled, with what sentiments of embarrassment and distress must she meet you! She felt as if she were compulsively permitted by you to enter your house, as if she were intruding on your privilege of unrestricted choice,—as if she were the guilty person, and you the injured.

"Oh, calculate not on her appearance of coldness and of impenetrabi-

lity,—she must, she does love you! Continually exposed to the influence of your presence,—meeting you with a heart already prepared to receive a favourable impression,—even your evident dislike—a dislike constantly avowed by your manner,—had not power to alienate her.—Deprived of a father so tenderly loved,—in her native land a stranger and a foreigner, —little able to accommodate herself to the habits of the people,—is it wonderful that these effects should produce a coldness which disgusted you? Think you not, that the same propitious influence which should give her a home, and a country, should teach her to forget the glowing fields of Provence, and the voluptuous climate of Italy,—to prefer to them even that land in which the man of her heart was born, would not like-

wise have power to dissipate that mist which was produced only by circumstances operating on a mind of an unusual temper,—a mind formed by events, at once distressing to her as the betrothed of Sir Albert Beverley, yet gratifying to every dearer feeling of the woman!

"Oh yes, Sir Albert, *believe* that Ella Grafton loves you;—believe, that she has a heart the more susceptible of passion, because on ordinary occasions, her coldness is invincible. Is that sentiment likely to be most powerful, which is employed on minor objects?—Is it probable that that enthusiasm, which every passing gale may have power to call into existence, will exalt *love* into that fervid passion, which burns the more fiercely, the more deeply it is concealed? Oh, reflect on the situation

of Ella Grafton!—Dependant on you for the means of actual existence,—a friendless, fatherless wanderer,—outcast from the charities of life,—isolated by her nature,—the companion of a mother bowed by the pressure of adversity,—continually obliged to afford consolation when she herself most needed it,—was it when oppressed by these feelings, that she could appear in the most favourable light to you? Aware that the existence of your mutual engagement must be known to you as to herself, is it an improbable supposition, when we remember the excessive pride of her nature too strong to be successfully combated by any feeling but religion, that she voluntarily concealed those qualities which you might imagine were displayed for the purpose of attracting you, and divest-

ing herself of all that had been wont to fascinate and delight, she appeared to you under a character in which nothing was assumed, but every thing concealed!—

"She loves you, and I know it. What is there in me which Ella Grafton does not possess? What quality have I which captivated you, that she has not the power of exerting? You *will* love Ella, and I am convinced of it. At present, you believe, that nothing can destroy your affection to myself. Doubt the eternity of a feeling which is not excited by *reciprocal* attachment. I *know*, that you will honourably fulfil that solemn engagement made by your father, and I know likewise, that you will be deservedly happy *by* fulfilling it.

"Farewell, Sir Albert Beverley.

Ascertain the qualities of your too happy ward. Alas, *is* it happiness to be the betrothed but unloved wife of him, who imagines himself engrossed by a preference for another?

"I do not presume to point out to you that conduct which you ought to adopt. If Sir Albert Beverley hesitates, who can determine for him?—

"ELLA GRAFTON."

TO MISS GRAFTON.

"What do you tell me? You have *seen* the bond which irrevocably engages me to my cold, my insensible ward! You have *seen* that, of the very existence of which, I who am so deeply interested in it, was ignorant.

"And I, with a heart devoted to you, incapable of admitting any other

impression, and, alas! unwilling to lose the delicious consciousness of loving, however unhappily that love may be placed, can I profane the altar of the living God, by the blackest perjury, the most infamous falsehood? No! I will not dishonour my father's memory, I will not marry another, I would refuse even your proffered hand, but for her to whom I am bound!—let her take half my fortune, the *whole* of it, but let her leave me free, at least, to be unhappy, I will *not* forfeit the privilege of regretting you.

"*Happy!* No, Ella, no, I shall *not* be happy. There is before me a life of wretchedness—I can cease to be miserable, only when I cease to remember you,—when I cease to live!—

"I fly from you,—we meet no

more!—Oh, how hard to support the consciousness of the complete wreck of hope, of felicity, comprised in that short sentence!—*We meet no more!* You will be the wife of another, and I must not repine? We are separated eternally for a woman, who *cannot* love! She has not capacity for it. She would become my wife, perhaps, because by some mathematical process, she would feel that she *ought* to be so, and I, I am to be sacrificed for this heartless, frigid mortal!

"You will have it so, and I obey! Alas! why am I reproaching you? Rather, Ella, why have you not exhibited yourself in a light less amiable, —why have you not, by giving me the power of depreciating you, rendered the necessity of quitting you less insupportable.

"I dare no longer write to you. I

must not indulge in this poor alleviation. Farewell, Ella! God bless you!

"ALBERT BEVERLEY."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ON that morning Sir Albert Beverley quitted North House without again seeing Ella.

Careless of the future because he had lost that hope which alone renders the prospect of it delightful, he proceeded towards Beverley Hall with the rapidity of one who endeavours to escape from himself.

The brightness of the morning,—the perfume of the air,—the magnificent scenery around him,—tormented him with the force of the most bitter contrast. All nature seemed smiling, gay, and happy;—he alone wandered melancholy and discontented.

He arrived at Beverley Hall with

a frame of mind no less unhappy. The hour was tranquil and soothing. It was the setting of a bright summer's evening: the lengthening shadows of the mountains rested on the tranquil bosom of a smooth river, that laved their base. A darkened shade hung on the foliage of the lofty trees; the blue of the heavens was deep and full. A lovely moon poured its pale radiance on the waters, and gleamed partially on the majestic forest and frowning rock. The wind breathed gently through the trees, and, at intervals, slightly rippled the waves; a low and simple melody, the song of the distant peasants, harmonized well with it, — its sound sometimes broken against the rocks, and lost in their recesses,—sometimes swelled by the echo into fulness, polished and softened in every reverbe-

ration. The loveliness of nature is, at this season loveliest. And never had an hour more calm, more pure, more holy, existed for man, since he apostatized from God, and lost the dwelling which angels envied.

It is a type of the twilight of age, —of its gradual disappearance, of its close blending gently with the night, so that the division is scarcely perceptible. It is the descent of the patriarch to the grave,—not as to death, but as to a repose, the calm and the quiet of which each hour has taught him more justly to appreciate.

Sir Albert watched the apparent motion of the moon, and the rapid and graceful undulating of the transparent clouds over its surface. There was the calm and the stillness of the grave, with the consciousness and the intelligence of existence. It

seemed that a tear trembled in his eye; it might be but the reflection of the full moon-beam on it.

He gained the boundary that skirted his demesne. He dismounted, and gave his horse to his servant. He traversed the park rapidly; not one association of early youth detained him. The tree he had planted,—the woods in whose deep recesses he had delighted to wander,—the venerable oak, under the shade of whose branches he had so often reposed,—the stream whose peaceful eddying he had so often disturbed,—all were passed unregarded. The events of the few last hours that absorbed him,—and memory waked but for these.

He gained the ancient and magnificent structure. He paused under its lofty portal; he surveyed the proud battlements; his eye rested on its

gothic casement. He lingered,—but it was not because under that majestic roof he had been blessed with,—he had lost,—all the ties that bind man to his *fellow*-man. It was because he felt his desolation, — because a sun had beamed on his heart,—had roused his passions into existence, — had marked his energies with a stamp eternal,—had taught him that, remote from its sphere, there was no life for him, and had moulded him into the being he was.

Mrs. Grafton had quitted Beverley Hall. There were only servants to welcome him. He sighed as he felt his desolation. His mind was distracted between the remembrance of that fascinating, that irresistible Ella he had lost, and the woman for whom he had lost her.

Every day confirmed his melan-

choly and increased his regret. He became listless and unoccupied. Entirely absorbed in the contemplation of feelings, the indulgence of which was most pernicious to him, he turned with loathing and horror from the common occurrences of life. His ideas fixed on this one grand point, could not attach themselves to objects of less important interest. He surrendered himself to a melancholy that was at once dangerous and soothing.

Doctor Falconer visited him when he had passed a few days in solitude at Beverley Hall. It was impossible to analyze the mingled sentiments with which he met his former preceptor. He shrunk from him, because he remembered how warmly he had once espoused the interests of Ella Grafton, and yet he was glad of his society, because it dispersed, at

once the reflections and the *ennui* of solitude.

The Doctor never recurred to his former favourite. Sir Albert wondered at his silence, without being able to introduce the subject. By degrees, Beverley returned to his usual pursuits, and if they no longer inspired their original interest, they, at least, prevented his mind from dwelling continually on those objects which disturbed its tranquillity.

He had been something more than three weeks at Beverley Hall, when he received the following note:—

"TO SIR ALBERT BEVERLEY, BART.

"At length, my friend, my miseries terminate. The aspect of my affairs is bright and agreeable. I am no longer oppressed by mystery or the

necessity of concealment. Above all, I am at liberty to seek for the delightful assurance that Lady Fanny Lambeth will be mine.

"I desire ardently to see you. The messenger who brings you this is but an *avant-courier*. I shall arrive at Beverley Hall almost as soon as he will. If it is not perfectly agreeable to you to receive my visit, tell me so, on my arrival. The fatigue of my journey will be abundantly recompensed by the pleasure of seeing you even but for an instant. And besides, at the present moment, I am too happy to think on minor inconveniences.

"I shall be with you in a few minutes, and shall have the gratification of renewing personally, the assurances of my profound esteem for you.

"AUGUSTUS HARLEY."

Harley arrived soon after his billet. Sir Albert was rejoiced to see a man for whom he had so warm a friendship. Nevertheless, he was surprised at the alteration in Harley's exterior, and in his manner.

Nothing could be more courtier-like, more polished than his address. The sort of obscurity which had formerly been perceptible in him, was no longer visible. Without being less manly, he was more decidedly a man of the world, and of rank;—he observed what was passing in the mind of Sir Albert, and he accounted immediately for his change.

"To tell a long story about myself," said he, "is, perhaps, not the task in the world for which I am best qualified. I am a bad narrator, especially when I am to be the hero of my own tale, and to appear in a light somewhat disadvantageous.

"Segur says, 'that love is the agi-
'tation of life, friendship is its repose.
'No friendship is produced in a day.
'There are some violent passions
'which a moment can produce.
'Friendship, calm and considerate,
'has the right to choose; love, on the
'contrary, always hurried away, sub-
'mits without reflection, offers, aban-
'dons itself. It has not yet exa-
'mined the chains which it demands,
'and already it wears them.'

"This is precisely the sort of love one feels at two and twenty. At that age happiness depends rather on feeling than on reason, and we seek it in the gratification of momentary passions, rather than in the sober results of calculation. Woman ought always to love with profound sensibility, and it is therefore that man desires to be the object of attachment to a very *young* woman when her heart yields

itself willingly to tender emotions, and when she has no inclination to exert that spirit of ambition, which is supposed to animate her, in *some* degree, on obtaining that period, when, no longer misled by feeling, she suffers her judgment to decide where affection formerly predominated.

"It is the pupil of the world, who is speaking to you, Sir Albert. That has been my instructor. I entered its arena with all the fury of a gladiator who saw only conquest, and forgot danger. Hurried along by the passions, I was on the eve of becoming their victim, and contemplated only trophies of pleasure, forgetful of the penalty I must pay for their attainment. I became an actor on this great theatre, proficient in the lore of Greece and Rome, but the veriest novice in that knowledge, which is

most useful. In the end I acquired it at a vast expense, but, perhaps, I have not paid too dearly.

"Surrounded by temptations which I was the less able to resist because I had never suspected their existence, I might have become their victim;—however, the master-passion (in this one respect) *fortunately* for me, was roused into existence.—I loved.

"The town in which my regiment was quartered was in one of the most beautiful parts of Cumberland. Walks in a romantic country are dangerous to a young man, even though his companion should not possess excessive grace or beauty. But she, who was destined so materially to influence my life, was lovely almost beyond example. The soft innocence of her light eyes—the graceful flowing of her fine, fair hair,—the coral freshness of her

lips, the transparent delicacy of her complexion, and the fragility of her form always giving the idea of extreme helplessness, combined to produce a living Eve, and rendered it impossible that I should remember she was three years older than myself.

"It is not at this period in life, that such a difference is either so perceptible or so revolting as it afterwards becomes. From the character of her beauty, her whole person had an air of excessive youthfulness. It is that species of loveliness which passes at once from spring to autumn without any meridian fulness. We always expect that it has not yet completely expanded, and when we look for perfection it has already decayed.

"Julia was an orphan of humble extraction, and residing with an aunt

who contrived to preserve the appearance of gentility on a very limited income. I was, at present, a soldier of fortune, but nobly descended, and I had, at the same time, great expectancies which rendered me dependent on the will of a kinsman. He, at once ambitious and prudent, desired that I should purchase knowledge by experience, a conviction of the necessity of wealth, by feeling the inconvenience of poverty. I regarded his conduct to me as at once selfish and unjust. I did not respect his opinions, and I derided his speculations. My attachment to Julia proved to me that I should disappoint them.

"As her whole form was a grace, so her whole soul was a passion. A romantic affection enables her who feels it, to assume a thousand attractions which expire with the sentiment

that produced them. Julia discoursed to me with all the eloquence of love; her style was elevated by her subject, and I adored the witchery of her mind, above even the loveliness of her person. Perhaps the union of personal and mental attractions, was necessary to inspire a passion so enthusiastic as mine. I loved with indescribable ardour,—Julia returned my love, and we were happy.

"We resolved to marry. The prudence of Julia's protectress remonstrated on the folly of which I was about to be guilty, in forfeiting for ever the friendship of my kinsman. She represented the injury I should do to Julia, by confining her for ever to a contracted sphere of life, when I might elevate her to one for which her beauty so well qualified her, by a short delay. This made me hesitate.

"What can be so delightful as to possess the power of elevating the object of our wishes?—How delicious, I reflected, it will be, to hear Julia acknowledge hereafter, that she owes all to me!—How much shall I be entitled to her gratitude, and how sweetly she will prove it by increase of affection!

But on the other hand, I contemplated with rapture, the prospect of a life of agricultural retirement. I thought that in sacrificing every thing to Julia, I should at once gratify my passion and prove it. Romance at my age is excusable. It is generally that women feel, and we calculate. In my case it was reversed. Absorbed in all the delightful transports of a first love, my soul could admit no other consideration, and I resolved to forego all prospect of future ad-

vancement, rather than delay my happiness.

"Julia's prudent relation finding me obstinate in refusing to yield either to her arguments or entreaties, at length suggested, as the only means of uniting our opposite inclinations, that I should be blest by the possession of Julia, but that the marriage should take place with the greatest possible secrecy.

"At first, I rejected this compromise with indignation. My Julia, I said, should never enter my family as an intruder, neither would I afford that family room for suspecting that I had made a choice which degraded instead of conferring the highest honour on it. I resolved to brave openly the displeasure of my kinsman. The man who had reflected on all the disadvantages of poverty, and who found in himself sufficient energy to

combat them all, chose rather to incur them than to act in a manner equally unworthy of himself, and of the woman he adored.

"Julia's protectress thought me mad. To common minds, that generosity of sentiment which they cannot comprehend, always appears insanity. She perceived that all her arguments and her advice were ridiculous. I combated the one and rejected the other. Her last effort was made on Julia herself.

"This was successful.—Julia never reasoned. She was the creature of impulse. The very formation of her mind rendered love on her part an involuntary emotion. In after years, I discovered that it was rather to this *bésoin d'aimer* that I owed her affection, than to an exclusive partiality which no other could have obtained.

"She could listen for hours to the

eloquence of passion, could enter into all its subtleties and refinements, and could herself describe its progress, its semblance, its power, with unequalled delicacy and energy. But the first word that approached to a rational argument *ennuied* her; in common place affairs, she yielded to save herself the fatigue of listening to an harangue on their propriety, not from any conviction of it. And when her kinswoman represented to her the necessity and convenience of a private union, she readily acquiesced, and promised to represent the matter to me.

I was willing to act according to her wishes in the minutest particular, but I confess, that this proposition coming from her, startled me. It seemed so contrary to her usual delicacy! I felt that she spoke rather in compliance with the desire of her

aunt, than from her own conviction. I expressed as much to her. She continued firm, and bade me, if I loved her, evince it in the only manner that could be acceptable to her. I sighed and yielded.

"We were married. Secrecy assisted in the prolongation of our passionate delirium. Mystery affords fuel to love. The ardor of our sentiments rather increased than abated. We enjoyed the very perfection of happiness.

"It was destined not to continue. My brother-officers suspected me of carrying on an intrigue, and rallied me on the subject. My brain fired at the indignity offered to the name of Julia. It was prophaneness, it was blasphemy against virtue in her loveliest form. Their insinuations deprived me of my reason. To confound

them, and to enjoy their confusion, I betrayed myself.

"Immediately, I became sensible of my imprudence. I had enemies. Some of them congratulated me with a derision I could ill endure, and I augured the event with terrror. I felt myself in their power, and I knew that they would immediately make me sensible of it.

"I returned home in a state of mind better imagined than described. I understood the different light in which I should have appeared, if I had openly and honourably declared my intention of marrying Julia. But at present, my kinsman would have plausible grounds for deserting and disinheriting me, because it would appear that I had added the basest dissimulation to ingratitude.

"I could not conceal the cause of

my distress from Julia, and, in truth, I had no inclination to do so. She reproached me! Yes, Julia, my susceptible, gentle, Julia, had the cruelty to add unkindnes to the misery I was already suffering. Oh, how bitter was the pang inflicted by her for whom I had sacrificed all! She perceived how much she had irritated me. She was terrified at the violence of my emotion. She exerted herself to soothe and to tranquillize me. It was her first offence, and how easily did love pardon it!—

"The effect was as I had anticipated. My ambitious kinsman sent me a letter filled with bitter sarcasms, and formal declarations that I was no longer his heir. I burnt the insulting paper. 'Thus perish,' I exclaimed, 'all remembrance of him!'

"But, in the mean while, the allow-

ance I had hitherto received from him, was withdrawn. This occasioned us many privations which Julia was much less able to bear than myself. In place of that profound sensibility which she had formerly cultivated as one would a talent, she was compelled to descend to the minutiæ of domestic economy, a task for which she was little qualified, and which consequently she performed ill. We had no longer power to indulge in those elegant refinements of passion, which are essential to its existence. We were obliged to descend into the common path of life; and I sometimes even regretted that excessive susceptibility, that total want of energy in Julia, which had once constituted attractions so potent.

"The enthusiasm of first love had abated. In some instances the common endurance of difficulties endears

the sufferers to each other. But this was not possible with a person of Julia's character. That voluptuous helplessness which had formerly appeared so charming, became listless indolence. She even neglected to employ that taste in adorning her beauty, which had once so enchanted me. This is a fatal error. When once a woman falls into it, she shakes her empire over the heart of her husband to its very foundation.

"We were rapidly degenerating into a discontented, repining pair,—regretting the period of our first acquaintance, and execrating our folly and imprudence. Complaints succeeded to endearments,—and recrimination produced endless altercation.

"Happily for us, a distant and avaricious kinsman of Julia's,—a man in a most obscure line of business, who probably would not, during his

life, have bestowed on her the smallest sum in any case short of actual starvation,—bequeathed to her, at his decease, a large fortune, accumulated by the most scrupulous economy, and the most degrading meanness.

"It was ours, and we were too happy to enjoy it, to bestow very severe animadversions on the means by which it had been acquired. Julia was the darling child of prosperity. Then alone she appeared amiable and lovely. Surrounded by splendor, she was the most interesting object in creation. Our love for each other revived, if not in its original ardor, at least with equal tenderness. The birth of a lovely child increased the tie between us,—we were happy.

"Notwithstanding I had so completely disregarded the prejudices of family in my marriage with Julia, I

was yet not insensible to the claims of an illustrious ancestry. Hence, it was most irksome to me, that, by the will of Julia's kinsman, in order to enjoy his fortune, I was compelled to exchange the respected name of Harley, for the obscure appellation by which he had been distinguished.

"But I knew too much of the evils of poverty, to hesitate for a moment, in complying with this condition, however much I might regret it; and I suffered myself to be known as Mr. Egerton.

"I was not slow in perceiving an alteration in Julia, which, at once surprised and alarmed me. She acquired a taste for dissipation which our splendid fortune enabled her to enjoy, and in proportion as she had formerly endured privations, so now

she indulged in an unbounded profusion.

"The sums she lavished on the most frivolous pursuits were not regarded by me. I was occupied in regretting the change in herself. That softness and gentleness, which were so well adapted to her style of beauty, had disappeared. Perpetual efforts at vivacity occupied their place. These bursts of gaiety were so immeasurably different from all I had imagined in Julia, that, at some moments, I could scarcely persuade myself of her identity. *Piquancy*, which is so fascinating when it is the natural attribute of a young and lovely woman, is very difficult of imitation, and an artificial assumption of it disgusts and revolts us. Julia's vivacity had, in my view, a character of coarseness which ill compensated for the absence

of that profound sensibility, which had been equally potent as her beauty in attracting me.

"Julia had scarcely been six months a mother, when my regiment was ordered abroad.

"I would willingly have sacrificed the half of my existence, if my doing so would have enabled me to resign my commission with honour. The feelings of the father increased the regret of the husband, who, in spite of her folly and waywardness, still loved his wife. The prospect, which once would have possessed such charms for me, became the most gloomy imaginable. I reflected on it with a sort of desperation, affected by the most insupportable contemplation. But the time of our departure approached, and I was compelled to obey the summons.

"Julia evinced on this occasion to me most agonizing,—a calmness—an apathy—that completed my distraction. I had always been a tender and faithful companion to her, and I felt that my conduct deserved that she should, at least, assume the appearance of regret.

"Where was that exquisite sensibility which had kindled all the passion of my nature? Where that profound capacity of loving, of whose existence I had been convinced, and for which I had sacrificed my family, my fortune, even my name? Oh, how much was the pain of separation increased by the conviction that Julia did not participate it with me!

"With a heavy heart, I bequeathed my poor child to her care.—I desired her, as she valued my happiness,—my life,—to be tender of it.

—I charged her to write to me frequently, and to describe the infant's progress, and their mutual health:—She promised.

"The misery I suffered during our voyage is indescribable. It had nearly rendered my return necessary, by bringing on an indisposition which required all the skill of medicine. We had a tedious passage,—to me the more tedious, because I expected letters on landing. In this respect, I was not disappointed.

"This compulsive absence from Julia had roused, in all its force, that love for her which her misconduct and her unkindness had not power to destroy.—I tore open her letter with all the eagerness of the most lively passion—With what emotions I contemplated her writing!—How many recollections did it revive!—Since

our union, our separations had been so short, that a necessity for our corresponding had never before existed. Suddenly I found myself thrown back to that period, when with all the passionate ardour of love I had cherished the dear memorials of her affection, which her tender and enthusiastic billets to me, contained.—I became again a lover, who poignantly regrets his absence from the mistress who adores him.—I imprinted burning kisses on every line:—I shed tears over it.—A soldier was not ashamed of a weakness, which love only had power to produce.

"It seemed that absence had revived in Julia's breast, all those powerful feelings for me, which it had kindled in mine. Her letter breathed ardent affection, and prayers for my immediate return. Our child was

improving in health and beauty. This information restored my composure. I became as happy as it was possible for me to be, during a separation from those beings in whose existence, I imagined that my own was involved.

"The frequency of these tender letters from Julia, rendered my absence tolerable.—They became necessary to me.—I always contemplated the period when I might expect one, with a rapture approaching to madness: and when contrary winds or other circumstances detained them, I was sunk in the bitterness of despair.

"I, who was so little capable of supporting even these unavoidable delays, was at length compelled to see the letters distributed to my companions, and there was none for

me! Oh, with what agony I have paced the deck, dreading the illness of my child, or the death of my wife! Nights and days of bitter anguish succeeded to that calm interval which had been necessary even to my existence. Time increased my sufferings, because every revolving hour assured me more certainly of my misfortune.

"At length, a letter arrived.

"I seized it with an agony of rapture that they only, who have been in my situation, can pourtray.—Imagine my disappointment, when I perceived that the writing was not Julia's.—It was my offended kinsman's.

"In the violence of my first emotion, I was on the point of throwing it overboard. A conviction that some extraordinary occurrence could

alone induce him to write to me,—the silence of Julia,—inflamed me with an ardent desire to read it.

"Here is the letter.

'TO CAPTAIN EGERTON.

'I am somewhat surprised at myself that I can condescend to address the man who calls himself Captain Egerton,—him, who, not content with sacrificing to a worthless and abandoned woman, the favour of his own respectable family,—with insulting his kinsman and benefactor by a deliberate baseness,—with relinquishing all hopes of fortune and advancement, — to complete the climax of disgrace, abandoned his own honourable name, and consented to be known by that of a man, who was not only ignoble, but

'in the lowest class of mechanic 'vulgarity.

'I think, Captain Egerton, you 'know me well enough to be aware, 'that very extraordinary circum-'stances only could have power to 'make me abandon a resentment at 'once just and disregarded. Whilst 'you were revelling in the gratifica-'tion of your passions, and in the 'enjoyment of that wealth acquired 'by so base a sacrifice, I left you to 'yourself, convinced that time would, 'at length, open your eyes to the 'folly and the ingratitude of your 'conduct.

'That period has arrived sooner 'even than I anticipated. Unhappy 'man! with what reproaches are you 'on the eve of overwhelming your-'self! How severe a repentance is 'about to efface your transgression!

'Harley—once again I call you 'Harley,—the woman for whom you 'sacrificed your hopes of aggrandize-'ment,—for whom you broke those 'strong ties which generally bind 'man to man,—for whom you aban-'doned the protection of your family, '—and disregarded the frowns and 'contempt of the world,—for whom 'at length, you resigned the name 'which had been distinguished as 'that of a long line of noble ances-'tors,—this woman has repaid you 'by affixing on your honour a blemish 'yet fouler than all these.

'Harley, she has deserted a man 'whose value she had not power to 'appreciate. She has abandoned her 'dying child, who could not survive 'the loss of those attentions which 'even such a mother bestowed on it. 'She has published her infamy. Her

'seducer, too proud of his triumph
'to endure its concealment, has re-
'moved her from the roof of her in-
'sulted husband, to his own profli-
'gate retreat. Her base ingratitude
'is at once the theme and the scorn of
'the world. But these are laurels
'which Loudoun delights to gather.
'He is too proud of his infamy to
'conceal it.

"'I was certain what steps you
'would take in this atrocious case,
'and I have, in your name, sued for a
'bill of divorcement. I desire you
'to send me immediately full powers
'of proceeding in your behalf. Your
'duty will necessarily detain you
'some time on the continent; the
'honour of our whole family is con-
'cerned in the affair; and you may
'therefore confidently rely on my
'exertions.

"'Farewell, Harley.—It is impos-
'sible that I can refuse you my for-
'giveness at such a time. You will
'feel the ignominy of this blow, but,
'at least, you will have sufficient re-
'spect for yourself, no longer to re-
'gret the unworthy woman who
'durst inflict it.

"'I am confident of the tenor of
'your reply, and the proceedings al-
'ready commenced in your name,
'will proceed.'

——"My mind was a chaos. I was unable to fix on any one idea. That Julia—my Julia—could abandon me, appeared monstrous and impossible;—forsake her dying child;—murder it by her absence; quit an abode in which she had enjoyed unlimited authority, for that of vice and profligacy!—it was inconceivable!

"But, alas, my kinsman's letter brought '*damning proofs.*' I was dishonoured; — betrayed by my wife; — rendered fatherless; — and yet I lived! ———

"I am not going to inflict on you, Sir Albert, the detail of my sufferings. The tie that bound me to Julia was broken. I contemplated her only as a traitress and a murderess; and the spirit of my dead child appeared continually to call for vengeance on her who had given him birth only to behold his sufferings without pity, and to contemplate his death without remorse!

"The notoriety of Loudoun had not, as yet, reached me. He had returned from the continent since my departure from England. How short a time had been necessary to seduce the frail Julia into inflicting a wound

so deep on one who had loved her above life itself!

"Loudoun was the darling of the women,—the high-priest of Apollo,—the splendid poet whose applause bestowed fame. He was, at this period, scarcely seven-and-twenty,—brilliant, courted, and irresistible. Poor Julia! it was afterwards no inconsiderable satisfaction to me to know, that she had not been seduced by common qualities, or by common arts!

"Our divorce was pronounced. I had no longer a wife, — a child. My kinsman, in the moment of distress, forgave my offence against him, —an offence certainly of great magnitude when his character is considered; he wrote to me frequently and kindly. He invited me to return immediately to the bosom of that

honourable family which I had deserted. But I had not courage to proceed to England. Two years elapsed before I would endure to visit my country. In that interval, my indefatigable kinsman had instituted an action for damages. The award was heavy. Loudoun was unable to pay it; he returned to the continent, and I had the satisfaction of avoiding thus the man whom it would have been death to meet.

"Loudoun was as proverbially inconstant as he was successful. An attachment of two years was an eternal one to him. He had gained the *éclat* of seducing Julia from a husband who had sacrificed every thing to her; he had enjoyed his diabolical triumph, and he no longer considered her as any thing but an obstacle to his attainment of new

pleasures. Sir Albert, he went to the continent alone.

"Poor Julia!—a heavy retribution avenged my wrongs. It was hard to be deserted by the man for whom she had made herself a scorn and a reproach to her sex. Perhaps it was a just punishment. But its justice does not diminish the demoniac villany of him who inflicted it.

"My kinsman seemed to have lived only to witness the dissolution of a union, which had embittered so many hours of his life. His death gave me at once wealth and independence. I retired to the magnificent solitude of that abode which he had bequeathed to me. It was in wandering amongst its desolate scenery, and musing on my wrongs almost to madness, that I acquired that roughness and abruptness of

manner, which, in some measure separated my present existence from my past. Despising the world, I shunned those courtesies which reminded me that I was still allied to it.

"The images of Julia,—the living, guilty Julia,—and of my dead, murdered child,—alone were the companions of my solitude. In my frenzy I spoke to them, and I believed that they answered me. My domestics, observing my wanderings, asserted that I was distracted by the torments of a guilty conscience, and that my steps were perpetually haunted by a spectre, who pursued me as I fled from it. I understood their suspicions, and I forgave them. Sometimes, indeed, they wrought my irritability to such a height, that I have been on the verge of madness. Yet never, in my most terrible paroxysms, was I

tempted to the commission of suicide. I did not blaspheme against my Maker in the height of my horrible sufferings.

"I was accustomed to wander whole nights about the grounds, holding imaginary converse with Julia and her child. On one of these occasions, I fancied she appeared to me supporting her infant in her arms, and threatening again to murder him, if I refused to receive her. I turned away,—I saw her more distinctly. My strained eyes fastened on her. I felt a difference between the vision that at this moment appeared to me, and those spectres which my fancy only had raised. My teeth chattered, —I trembled,—I fell. Even then I had not the power to withdraw my sight from her. She approached,—she knelt to me,—she clung to me;—

I threw her off,—I arose,—I would have fled. Swifter than lightening she overtook me. She grasped me with the wildness of a maniac;—her convulsive laughs, her heart-rending screams, pierced my inmost soul. was subdued,—I supported her in my arms,—I shielded her in my bosom from the cold blasts that blew around us;—I wept over her,—I swore never to abandon her,—to protect and to defend her!

"I supported her lifeless form, for her frame, exhausted by suffering, was unable to endure those terrible ravings I had witnessed, and she had fainted. I carried her into the house. The domestics were all retired to rest. Accustomed to my wanderings, they left me to the care of my personal servant; he watched me, to protect me from danger,—from my-

self. He had been the witness of my meeting with Julia. He followed me to my apartment. He assisted me in reviving her, and in the execution of that plan which I had resolved to adopt.

"In a house so extensive as Harley Castle, there were necessarily many more apartments than were occupied by myself and my *suite;* a man in my condition received no visitors. Hence a large part of the mansion was shut up, and never visited. It was easy to appropriate some of them to the use of the unfortunate Julia, whilst none but ourselves need be aware of her existence.

"Yes, I resolved not to drive her to despair and deeper infamy, by visiting her with the severity of justice. Nevertheless, I shrunk from the prospect of being pointed at by

the world, as a second time the dupe of the woman who had so basely betrayed me.

"Female attendance was absolutely necessary to Julia, and I at length consented that Sansome should put his respectable mother in our confidence.

"Julia was finally settled at the castle,—a melancholy maniac, except in some lucid intervals.

"But there were noises heard in the unoccupied part of the house; lights were perceived in the windows of rooms which were known to be uninhabited. Julia, attended by Mrs. Sansome, walked at night in the grounds. Her white garments were seen at a distance, and superstition immediately regarded her as a supernatural being. My domestics affirmed that the spectre which had so long

haunted me, had now appeared to others. These reports were circulated every where. I became an object of universal suspicion. Resolved to escape the misery of my situation, I left Julia to the care of her attendants, and visited Italy.

"There, I became acquainted with Lady Fanny Lambeth.

"Perhaps, the decided opposition of her character to Julia's rendered her doubly attractive to me. I had experienced all the misery which the want of energy in a being so nearly connected with me, could inflict, and I enthusiastically admired the appearance of it in her. I am not going to contrast my first with my second attachment. The headlong impetuosity of a boy of two-and-twenty, precipitated him into an abyss of passion; the judgment of a man of thirty sub-

stituted tenderness for it. To be the choice of a heart no longer inexperienced, is certainly more flattering than to be the object on which a young and fanciful youth, delights to lavish those sentiments which he finds it *necessary* to feel.

"Accounts from Sansome recalled me to England. Julia's health was alarmingly altered. Medical advice was absolutely necessary. I went to London. I brought down with me a young and skilful man, whom I had formerly obliged, and who was glad that I gave him the means of proving his gratitude. He saw Julia, and he declared that variety of scene was absolutely necessary to her. I had a cottage in ——shire, which I fitted up with all the elegance and luxury I could possibly display. Julia was removed thither. She amended. Her

intervals of reason became longer and more frequent. I rejoiced in the change, and was rewarded by the improving tone of her mind, for all the misery I had suffered since I resolved to protect her.

"Lord Northbury arrived in England. He directed to me at Harley Castle, an invitation to his seat. I joyfully accepted it, although I regretted the vicinity of North House, to the cottage inhabited by Julia. I was aware of the injurious reports already in circulation concerning me, and I was alarmed at the probability of their reaching Lady Fanny."

"Happily my fears were not verified. On my quitting North House, I told you that I was going on an errand of life and death. I communicated to you my fears of Lady Fanny; and I begged you to watch

over her. I arrived in time to receive the last sigh of the penitent Julia.

"My reflections were of the most consoling nature. I had shielded her from the very breath of danger;—I had watched over her in her ruin;—I protected her in her foulest abasement;—I encouraged her repentance, and I gave her the *means* of repenting. I bore calumny and ignominy for her. I suffered,—oh, how hard!—I suffered the reproach of the wise and the good for her. I attended her death-bed, and softened the horrors of it, even when I knew that my inexplicable absence was inflicting the most cruel torments on her I love! The rustics have shunned my gates, where the hand of charity was always stretched out to relieve them;—my servants have paced my halls in trembling agony;—I have lived an object of

suspicion, of disgust, even of *terror*, for her;—and all this when I no longer loved her. Is she still to have power over me when the angel of death has taken her. Will Lady Fanny Lambeth reject a heart, because it has formerly loved unhappily?"

"Do not believe it," replied Sir Albert warmly. "On the contrary, when you shall have related to her those circumstances to which I have just listened, she will love you doubly—as my friendship for you has been doubled by that relation!"

Harley grasped the hand of Beverley within his own. "There remains one more discovery to be made. Loudoun and Lord Lindor are one.

"Is it not by an extraordinary fatality that he should have been twice my rival? That after having deprived

me of a wife whom I loved, he should be on the point of separating me from the mistress I adored?

"You know the aversion with which his manners always inspired me. There seemed a rooted antipathy between us, produced by the opposition of character and sentiments, and by our pretensions to the same object. I have said, that he quitted England immediately on the issue of the action brought by my kinsman against him. I, secluded from the world, in the solitude of Harley Castle, was not in a condition to be interested by the changes that occurred in it. During eight years much was forgotten;—and I believe that Lord Lindor suspected that Egerton and Harley were one, as little as I recognised Loudoun in him."

"Will you discover yourself to him?"

"No;—I forgive him;—Julia, when she disclosed this to me on her death-bed, extorted from me a vow that I would not. What would it produce? —A duel, doubtless. Can I, with sentiments like mine, expose my life as the stake in so worthless a game? —No! Let him triumph in the belief that he has escaped detection. The world does not share my ignorance. Let fathers of families shun his acquaintance. Let husbands shut their doors against him. They have sufficient apology for doing so;—*they*, at least know, that Loudoun and Lindor are the same."

"Was Lord Northbury ascertained of this point?"

"Certainly not;—he has been during some years in Italy, and has

mixed little with the gay world since his return. You know his excessive delicacy on these points.—Now, speak to me on that subject on which I am most interested,—of Lady Fanny."

Sir Albert complied.—Harley listened with rapture to the detail of her uneasiness respecting him, and of the change the influence of Ella had wrought in her.—Unwilling to delay the pleasure of their meeting, he quitted Beverley Hall on the next morning, with a mind elated by love, and the prospect of immediate happiness.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

TO SIR ALBERT BEVERLEY, BART.

CONGRATULATE me, my friend. Lady Fanny is mine;—mine by promise;—by love;—by the permission of her father. What is this Ella Grafton? Is she an angel who descends from heaven, to exert her omnipotent influence for the welfare of mortals?—Who scatters blessings on the inhabitants of earth, which revive and improve them, as the dew falling on the vegetable world? Ought we to adore her,—to aspire to imitate her,—to follow immediately her footsteps,—to pursue the path she prescribes,—and,

by implicit obedience, prove at once our conviction of her infallibility, and of her benevolence towards us?

By what unaccountable magic has she acquired this influence over the hearts of men? How is it she can mould them to her wishes, and attract their love whilst they feel her superiority?—Oh, I could worship her! I find in Lady Fanny all that I formerly loved, with the addition of a thousand charms for which she gratefully declares, she is indebted to Ella Grafton. Where is she? And why am I not allowed to express for her that admiration and gratitude with which she inspires me?

Her absence is the only subject of regret, which reminds Lady Fanny and myself, that we are yet subject to the common lot of humanity? Why is she not with us? Why does not Sir Albert Beverley contemplate a

felicity, that has been attained as much by his assistance, as by Miss Grafton's? And above all, how is it possible, that two beings so eminently endowed with those sublime qualities which each most admires, can consent to live separately?

If the applause of such a woman as Miss Grafton be valuable to Sir Albert Beverley, how much gratitude he owes to her on this score! She said of you to Lady Fanny—"to form him, nature has exhausted her richest stores;—grandeur, sublimity, and that 'something than beauty dearer,' which resistlessly penetrates the heart,—contend for pre-eminence.—His eloquence shames grey-headed senators;—his courage distances the competition of approved warriors;—his person boasts a beauty excelling that of woman;—more excellent,—more dignified,—more divine,—the

transcendant grace of intellect and genius. The Goddess felt, that the race of humanity could bear the splendor of but one such being,—she broke the mould, and gave Sir Albert Beverley to the world, without a peer.

"His gigantic energies have grasped all the treasures of science; his talents have traversed the world of literature, spurned the bauble, and sighed like Alexander, for other spheres to conquer. Man, the living page of man, has been opened to him. He has read, and he has gained a knowledge scarcely susceptible of increase!"

Is not such applause worth gratitude at least?—And what sentiment could prompt it?—In this respect, I think I can form a certain judgment. It is love alone that inspires such approbation as this.

Forgive me,—I ought not to insinuate any thing of this nature.

My Lord Lindor has left North House. In the moment of paying his adieux, he appeared to me in a light almost respectable. He was unable to endure a defeat on which he had not calculated. Always accustomed to victory, he abdicated his seat only when he found that he had no longer a possibility of retaining it with safety. He has departed for the continent, and for the honour of our country, I wish, notwithstanding his splendid talents, that he may naturalize himself in some foreign state.

Poor Miss Emmingford's despair is really pitiable. It is the more severe, because her bosom-friend, her Miss Burlington, is on the eve of marriage with the secretary of one of those societies, of which those fair friends are

members. Miss Emmingford is four years the senior, a great disadvantage, which matrimony only could obviate, and which the desertion of Lord Lindor, plainly declares to her, that she must still endure.

A thousand times in the day, she torments Lady Fanny with complaints of his perfidy, and threats of vengeance. I understand she had it in contemplation to disgrace herself by the infamous publicity of a trial, brought against him for breach of promise. Sometimes she reproaches Lady Fanny with her fatal charms, which were, she affirms, the original cause of Lindor's faithlessness. Instead of meeting that ridicule which she undoubtedly deserves, Lady Fanny sympathizes with her, and consoles her. Kindness only augments her discontent, and I hope and believe,

that in the course of a few days, she will execute her project of seeking consolation from her epicurean friend, Miss Burlington.

Lord Northbury forgets his complaints in the contemplation of our happiness. He is no longer the prey of hypochondriac fancies. Lady Fanny rejoices in the change, and blesses me as the cause of it. How inexpressibly delightful it is to oblige those one loves!—

—I can never forget that she wept over the recital of my sufferings, that the avowal of them instead of inflaming her with jealous feelings which I constantly dreaded, rather endeared me to her. In return she related to me her visit to the cottage that contained poor Julia, her admiration of it, her inquiries concerning it, and the misery which the result of those in-

quiries caused to her. Here again I discerned the influence of Ella. She pointed out to her, that it was due to me, when there were two points of view which might be taken, to choose the most favourable. We have often ridden there since, and never returned without a new accession of pleasure, and an increase of gratitude, to the divine, the incomparable Ella!—

There is a shade of melancholy in the countenance of Lady Fanny, which renders her ten-fold more interesting to me. This is the result of that gentle, feminine sorrow, produced by the death of the beautiful, the brilliant Catherine Lockhart, and the unfortunate St. Clair.

To add to the wrongs she has already done him, the widow of St. Clair insults his memory, by receiving the addresses of a man inferior to

him, not only in those points in which he was almost unrivalled, but even in birth and fortune. There is a heavy responsibility attached to those who presume to interfere in engagements of this nature. I have no hesitation in saying, that the death of Catherine and of St. Clair, is chargeable on him who separated them, and that he was equally their murderer, as the ruffian who precipitates his victim to the grave by assassination.

Adieu Sir Albert;—when I wish that my friend may be as happy as myself, I desire for him the enjoyment of the most exalted felicity this life can afford.

AUGUSTUS HARLEY.

CHAPTER XXXV.

ELLA had left North House! Sir Albert perceived how much he had suffered a false hope to delude him He discovered, that he had been engrossed by the contemplation of returning to her; and now she was gone, and he knew not whither!

An inexplicable feeling of indignation was allied to his grief. He was angry with Harley, that he had not mentioned the place to which she had retired;—he was angry with Ella, that she had not found some means of communicating it to him. This was injustice, but it was the injustice of a lover. Ella Grafton in refusing his

addresses, had rendered it impossible to herself, to send him such information without the grossest inconsistency.

He read her letter continually. He believed, that he discerned in every sentence a powerful affection for himself, restrained only by generous and honourable considerations. He paused on the description she had given of the feelings of Miss Grafton, his ward, on her first introduction to him. He allowed, that such feelings were, perhaps, natural; but he did not the less shrink from the remembrance of her invincible coldness.

He sought the society of Doctor Falconer. By a strange contradiction, he at once endeavoured to introduce the subject of Ella Grafton, and hesitated to give his friend an opportunity of talking of her.

At length, Doctor Falconer himself led to it.

"During your long absence from Beverley Hall, Sir Albert," said he, "I conclude you have seen innumerable varieties of that species which naturalists agree in denominating *woman*. I do not doubt it; they are multitudinous, and of all gregarious animals, the most gregarious. Where a man expects to find one, there will be five ready to greet him, and congratulate themselves on his arrival amongst them. Of these five, *four* are generally intolerable, and the fifth amiable by comparison only. But this fifth becomes dangerous by having the advantage of contrast—and—perhaps you found her so, Sir Albert?"

"Perhaps I did," replied Beverley, smiling.

"Well, Sir Albert, I by no means

desire to intrude on your secrets;—by no means in the world. Nevertheless, as you did not hesitate to converse with me on a subject, which, at that time, appeared very important to you,—I mean the subject of—of—"—Doctor Falconer hesitated.

"Of the unfortunate and regretted Catherine Lockhart," said Beverley.

"I say, Sir Albert, as you did not hesitate to converse with me on *that* subject, I had, perhaps, some slight reasons for supposing that you would be as little mysterious on any other."

"Do you suppose, then, my dear Sir, that I am again in love?"

"I am convinced of it. You are melancholy,—fond of moonlight,—and seeking solitude. Man is a gregarious animal, although less so than woman; his natural propensities lead him to cultivate society;—habits of

solitariness are artificial, and the result of circumstance. Now there appears to me but one circumstance in the world which could render Sir Albert Beverley the slave of such habits;—it is that feeling which we call *love*. Perhaps, Sir, you are vainly regretting the loss of Miss Lockhart?"

"I regret it, it is true, but only as a friend. Long before that event I had ceased to regard Catherine Lockhart in any other light."

"I predicted the termination of your passion for her. Lady Fanny Lambeth is, I know, engaged. You are not the victim of a hopeless affection, Sir Albert?"

"Yes, my dear Sir, I am!"

"You are? And Lady Fanny Lambeth is your object?"

"No, she is not, believe me," said Sir Albert with some impatience, for

he was beginning to tire of these questions.

"Pardon me;—you see, I am always inclined to resume my old character;—I cannot quite forget the tutor in the friend. In my sentiments for you, I have been so accustomed to consider the two relations united, that habit is more powerful over me than the conviction of propriety."

"Forgive my petulance, dear Sir; I have no desire, that you should be scrupulous with me.—I love Ella Grafton."

"I knew it was impossible to resist her," said the Doctor coldly.

"Alas! it is not the Ella Grafton of your acquaintance. Would to heaven, *she* did not exist or that she were amiable!"

"This is passing strange. The resemblance between these cousins—

these Miss Graftons, is so strong, that admiration of the one, implies likewise admiration of the other."

"No two characters can possibly be more distinct. If it were otherwise, Doctor Falconer, I should not now be the victim of a regret as powerful as it is durable."

"Sorrow of this nature, is never eternal, I believe."

"Whilst the *cause* exists, the effect will be the same. Loving—adoring—Ella Grafton as I do, imagine with what sentiments I received a refusal, resulting only from her knowledge of my involuntary engagement to her impenetrable cousin, and in this very refusal, I discerned an affection struggling with feelings the most honourable; in the moment in which I had conviction of my unhappiness, I likewise felt that I was beloved!"

"And you were really ignorant of

this engagement, until you received the information of it from her ?"

"I was, most assuredly. Otherwise, I would not have exposed myself to the temptation of acquiring an absolute aversion from the fulfilling of it."

"Sir Albert,—a copy of Miss Grafton's letter to you, is now in the possession of her cousin. I have read it, and I think if that cousin did not exist, I should believe no woman worthy of you, but she who has refused you. Ella is, at this moment, at my house—she loves you—she awaits patiently the moment when you shall incline to give her that claim over you which she already ought to possess. Believe that a father so attached to his son as Sir Albert Beverley was to you, would never adopt any measure inconsistent with that son's welfare.

Permit me to say, it is a duty you owe to his memory, not to impugn his judgment, when he is no longer here to vindicate it. This engagement was not formed, until the characters of yourself and Ella were, in some measure, ascertained. Ella believing, —but let me not speak of her, I refer you to one more able to describe all she has felt and suffered,— to herself."

"*Herself!*—must I see her so soon?—And my own Ella Grafton, has she betrayed me?—was it kind, was it even delicate?"

"I have no interest in advocating her cause, because I believe, that your heart will be a sufficiently powerful pleader for her. Ella, herself, aware of the engagement between you, did not, for a moment, suspect your ignorance of it. Consequently

your coldness appeared disgust!—she bore it, if not with real indifference, at least with the affectation of it.—The letter of her cousin to you, has declared her mistake.—This has rendered her happier.—There is nothing so hard to endure, as suspicion of the disgust of the person one loves!—She awaits you with patience, and with tenderness.—Sir Albert, you will go to her?"

"Yes," replied Beverley, turning pale from a combination of emotion. "Yes, I will go—I will sacrifice myself to my father's memory. I will marry this ungenerous woman, who, aware of my eternal passion for another, yet resolves to enforce the performance of a contract, entered into without my knowledge, by my affectionate, but surely ill-judging father!—Who can endure to be fettered in a

point like this?—Who has a right to control inclination?—Who dares presume to demonstrate, that one particular path will lead to certain happiness?—Lead on, sir!—I follow.—Remember, that I am about to offer myself to Miss Grafton, whilst I am devoted to another—I will not deceive her. She ought at least to be aware of the prospect that lies open to her. She shall judge what must be the sentiments of a heart that, with agony, resigns the object of its love, and by an *effort* alone, can endure to remember the existence of herself.—Yes, she shall know all,—and by her conduct, when she *does* know it, my future estimation of her will be regulated."

Dr. Falconer did not endeavour to suppress the expression of delight that diffused itself over his countenance. During their walk to his

house, he continually congratulated himself that he should, at length, witness the union of his pupil, with the only woman on earth worthy of him. He predicted, that when Sir Albert knew more of his destined bride, he would cease to regret all he had lost, and be doubly grateful for his present felicity.

Beverley walked on in moody silence. He was angry that Doctor Falconer should so unseasonably express his satisfaction on the approaching realization of his wishes. It appeared a selfish and ungenerous exultation,—an indulgence of his own gratification, at the expense of the peace of his companion.

Beverley found much to condemn in the conduct of his own Ella. The publication of her letter to him, appeared an indelicate breach of con-

fidence,—a desire to obtain praise for generosity at the expense of more valuable feelings.

Again he remembered the minutest circumstance that had occurred during his acquaintance with her. He recollected her entire abandonment of self, —her benevolence,—her scrupulous delicacy,—her vivacity, in its most sportive moments always graceful,—her countenance irradiated with intelligence, cheerfulness, and genius. Memory presented to him no *trait* of character he would desire to be altered. All was lovely, attractive, and irresistible.

He shuddered as he entered the house. The beautiful portrait of Ella, which his fancy had painted, shrunk again into his heart. It was an Ella so different, whom he was called on to love,—and for ever!

Doctor Falconer ushered him into a morning-room. It was some relief to Beverley, that Miss Grafton was not awaiting them there. The Doctor addressed to him some remarks on the purity of the air, and the extensiveness of the prospect. Sir Albert felt, that this was trifling with him. His countenance expressed it.

"You are impatient," said Doctor Falconer; "allow me to conduct to you your bride."—

Sir Albert rose hastily. By an involuntary motion, he laid his hand on the arm of his friend, as if to detain him. "Only a few moments!" said he;—and then recollecting himself, he bowed with an air of dignity, and suffered the Doctor to withdraw.

He sunk again on his chair. He buried his head in his folded arms. He remembered the situation of Ca-

therine Lockhart, when she had desired her lover to marry another;—he recollected the description of her sufferings, and he felt that St. Clair was the more unhappy.

The door opened;—he heard them in the apartment;—the wealth of worlds could not have given him resolution to raise his head.—

"Miss Grafton," said the voice of Dr. Falconer, "I bring you a lover, who comes for the purpose of telling you that he adores another. I leave you together, believing that a *tête-à-tête* always affords the best opportunity for explanation.—Adieu,—I hope Sir Albert Beverley will be somewhat more disposed to good companionship when I rejoin you."

The door closed,—Beverley was alone with Miss Grafton.

His head was still buried in his

arms, and he could not, durst not raise it.—The face of his own Ella was before him, beaming with all its loveliness of expression and sensibility. How then could he resolve to look on the cold, apathetic countenance of his bride?—

He heard her approach,—he felt that she was near him,—a soft hand was gently placed on his,—he trembled, he shook it off.—

"Alas, you love another!"

"The mask is off, the charm is wrought,
"And Selim to his heart has caught,
"In blushes more than ever bright,
"His Nourmahal, his haram's light!"—

Yes, it was his own Ella who did not shun his embrace.—His own Ella, beaming with ten thousand lovelinesses and graces; her eyes sparkling with pleasure, her cheeks glowing, and her whole countenance breathing love, no longer restrained.

"And who, and what are you?" said he, at length. "Why have you suffered me to remain so long in misery?—and how is it possible, that I enjoy this excess of happiness."

"*Who* am I?—Ella Grafton.—*What?*—A very woman.—Therefore I delighted in ascertaining the extent of my power, and therefore I wished to impress you with an exalted idea of my capacity of bestowing felicity, by affording you all the pleasure of contrast.

—"It was not prudent in our fathers to bind us.—However happily this may have resulted, we know by an experience purchased by many hours suffering, that there was a probability of a much less fortunate termination. It was still greater imprudence in mine, to reveal to me our engagement,—such an information

must either have made me revolt from the idea of its completion, or it must have pre-occupied me with an affection for you which it was *possible* might not be returned.

"It produced the latter effect. You had been in Italy a short time before my arrival there; you must be aware that you made friends of all those Italians, whose esteem is desirable. They were loud in your praises. I exulted in the knowledge that you were to be mine, and your letters to my father, did not decrease that exultation.

—"He died.——Thrown on the guardianship—the charity of Sir Albert Beverley, I dreaded to be indebted to a feeling of benevolence only, for the realization of those plans of felicity I had traced for myself, in becoming the wife of his son. Ima-

gine how much this fear was increased, when, after your visit to my mother, I heard that my expected guardian had already paid the debt of nature, and that his son would occupy his place.

"How the pride of my heart revolted at this idea;—I supplicated my mother not to introduce your future wife to you as an object dependent on your bounty. She was inflexible,—it seemed to her, that no protection was so proper for me as his, who was already my husband.—Your mistake on the subject of my age, greatly affected me.—You, who had occupied all my thoughts, did not remember my existence.—I imagined that you were glad to believe me a child, because you wished to educate me in a manner that was most likely to ensure your happiness. I shuddered at the prospect of your disappoint-

ment, when you should find that I was already arrived at the inflexible, unimprovable age of *twenty-one!*

"I was a beggar, and I dreaded that you would believe my ready acquiescence in our engagement, was the result of mercenary views in place of affection.

"*This* was the point which produced my coldness, my appearance of apathy, my inflexible indifference.

"Your evident disgust confirmed me in maintaining this appearance, whatever effort it might cost me. You have seen me in my real character, and you are able to judge whether it was not a *great* effort. I was continually exposed to the influence of your manners, and yet I obliged myself to restrain all symptoms of emotion or of satisfaction, to persevere in my most unattractive coldness.

"Shall I say, nevertheless, that I felt your excessive and increasing prejudice against me to be unjust?—I argued from it a littleness of which you were never capable!—I believed that, conscious of the restriction under which I was placed by our engagement, you desired to exhibit all the haughty consciousness of superiority, and to humble me into a ready acceptance of you, whenever you should choose to offer yourself.

"You left me for Catherine Lockhart. I did not regret your absence, because I had lost almost all that preference with which I had been accustomed to regard you.

"You returned—You were ill—This softened me—I crept a little out of the shell in which I had incased myself. I confess, the game amused me. I delighted in observing

the effect I could produce on you, and sometimes I believed that I had but to appear in my real character, to secure not only your friendship, but your love.

"*Pride* prompted my perseverance in concealment. I disliked all thoughts of appearing influenced by the desire of captivating. I disdained to be accused of vanity, and I had too much female feeling to avow by my conduct, that I had loved first.

"Doctor Falconer, aware of my engagement, was enjoined by me, never to allude to it in the most remote manner possible. He obeyed me implicitly. I entreated Catherine never to speak of me to you, because I knew that her partial hand would sketch a portrait of me very different from that original with which you were acquainted. Suspicion would naturally result from this difference.

"From Catherine I learned, that her brother had nearly rendered all my projects vain. Happily, this led only to an increase of my power of retaining my assumed character, as long as it should suit me to do so. I perceived that whatever after you might hear of Ella Grafton, you would believe applied to her cousin. It was indeed that most unfriendly cousin whom I completely resembled in my personal *traits*, and I had adopted her rigid inflexibility of muscle.

"You offered yourself to Catherine. Even now, I look back with terror on the overwhelming emotions with which I received the information. You considered yourself so little bound by an engagement which I had been accustomed to regard as sacred and inviolable, that you offered yourself, without hesitation, to another! Until

then, notwithstanding our friendship, Catherine and myself had not entirely confided in each other. She dreaded recurring to her former situation with St. Clair, and I shrunk from the idea of mentioning my engagement to you.

"You left England. What did I not suffer from your departure! Incessantly I condemned myself for having so carefully concealed every talent, every attraction, which might have rendered you willing to ratify our bonds! I resolved to appear before you when the possibility was given to me, and *endeavour*, at least, to make some impression on you.

"When by the kindness and perseverance of Doctor Falconer I recovered a fortune, which, in a pecuniary point of view, rendered me no degrading mate for you, I found this resolution considerably increased.

No suspicion of mercenary influence could attach to me. I went to Catherine Lockhart.

"When there, I received a letter of pressing invitation from my amiable friend, Lady Fanny Lambeth. You were at North House. Catherine wanted change of air. These inducements were irresistible.

"I formed the romantic project of captivating you under the character of my cousin. Do not believe, however, that I would have resorted to any art in order to effect that end. I had only to throw off the reserve which enveloped me. I had never simulated; I had formerly displayed myself to you divested of what I really possessed, without assuming those qualities which I had not. My plan succeeded.

"I received your advances as I

should have received them, if, aware of your engagement to another, you had offered them to me. I repulsed you with coldness,—but with a coldness of a very opposite character from that immutable apathy, which you had been accustomed to see in me.

"My dress was as different as possible from any thing I had worn at Beverley Hall. My hair was arranged with studied contrast. In regaining my health, and a certain degree of happiness, I had also regained my colour. I was no longer the same. And when you consider that vivacity, variety, and wit, had displaced flatness, monotony, and silence, you will not wonder that you did not sooner recognize the individuality of the two Ella Graftons.

"You unequivocally offered yourself to my acceptance. I desired to

see the effect that would be produced on you, when in the character of my cousin I declared to you my knowledge of your engagement.

"What a solution to your conduct did your answer present to me! How ardently I desired to restore your happiness,—to receive your vows in my own character,—and to be forgiven by you for having assumed a different one! But you were gone,—and I could not follow you. I could not return to Beverley Hall on such an errand, when my mother had quitted it!

"A letter from Doctor Falconer reminded me of his vicinity to you. I visited him without delay. I confided to him the exact situation of affairs. He lectured me long and learnedly on the folly of mystery, and the misery of concealment, but he ended by submitting to my guidance.

"He carefully avoided all mention of me. I desired that this subject should begin with you; and I resolved that I would have all the pleasure of contriving the *denouement*.

"Confess, Sir Albert, that I am a consummate actress. Confess, that I have contrived well; and you will have no difficulty in forgiving a deception that has succeeded so happily."—

Forgiving!—Sir Albert felt that he had only to be grateful!

"What do you say to me now?" demanded Doctor Falconer when he rejoined them;—"I fear you are not yet disposed for good companionship with any but with Ella."

"I say," replied Sir Albert, "that until I found *her*, I sought in vain for

the being to whom I could render my whole heart:—that religion, united to grace and talents, constitutes a character more irresistible than any amongst all the VARIETIES IN WOMAN."

THE END.

Printed by T. C. Hansard, Peterborough-Court, Fleet-Street, London.

Works about to be published by BALDWIN, CRADOCK, *and* JOY.

1. MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE RICHARD LOVEL EDGEWORTH, Esq. partly written by himself, and continued by his Daughter, Maria Edgeworth. In 2 vols. 8vo.

2. SERMONS ON THE THREE CREEDS (THE APOSTLES, NICENE, AND ATHANASIAN), AND ON THE TRINITY, as preached before the University of Oxford, with a Copious Appendix. By Edward Nares, D.D. Rector of Biddenden, Kent, &c. In 1 vol. 8vo.

3. THE CHRONOLOGY OF OUR SAVIOUR'S LIFE; or an Inquiry into the True Time of the Birth, Baptism, and Crucifixion of Jesus Christ. By C. Benson, A.M.

4. ESSAY ON HUMAN MOTIVES, chiefly on Principles of Religion. By the Rev. John Penrose, formerly of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. In 1 vol. 8vo.

5. CONVERSATIONS WITH GOD FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR. By Christopher Christian Sturm, Author of Reflections on the Works of God, translated from the German. In 2 vols. 12mo.

6. SYNOPSIS OF BRITISH MOLLUSCA, being an Arrangement of Bivalve and Univalve Shells, according to the Animals inhabiting them, intended as an Introduction to the Study of Conchology, illustrated with Plates. In 8vo. By William Elford Leach, M.D.

7. A NATURAL ARRANGEMENT OF BRITISH PLANTS, according to their mutual Relations, as pointed out by Jussieu, De Candolle, Brown,

and other scientific Botanists; with their Characters, Differences, Synonyms, Descriptions, and Uses. The whole preceded by an Introduction to Botany, with Figures illustrative of the Terms. By Samuel Frederick Gray, Apothecary, Lecturer on Botany and the Materia Medica, and Author of the Supplement to the Pharmacopœias. 2 vols. 8vo.

8. Counter Poisons; or the Means acknowledged as most effectual in the different Cases of Poisoning, familiarised to Persons Strangers to Medical Science; followed by Notice of the Succour to be given to the drowned, in Cases of Asphyxia, and new-born Infants; to Persons bitten by rabid Animals and Serpents; to those stung by venomous Insects; and the Precautions to be taken in Cases of apparent Death. By H. Chaussier. Translated from the French. Second Edition. With Notes and an Appendix. 1 vol. 8vo. By J. Murray.

9. A Description of Pompeii, with a Plan of the City. By Ab. Domenico Romanelli. Translated from the Italian of the Second Edition; and enriched with all the new Discoveries. By J. Murray. In 12mo.

10. A Series of Chronological Tables of History, Literature, and the Fine Arts; consisting of twelve Tables of History, four of Literature, and one of Painters, Sculptors, &c. Translated from the German of Professor Bredow, of the University of Breslau. In royal folio.

11. Chess rendered familiar by Tabular Demonstrations of the various Positions and Movements of the Game, as described in the Analytical Treatise by Philidor; with

many critical Situations and Moves, and a familiar introduction to the Game. By J. G. Pohlman. With a Frontispiece. In royal 8vo.

12. CHARACTER ESSENTIAL TO SUCCESS IN LIFE. By the Rev. J. Taylor, Ongar, Author of Self Cultivation, Advice to the Teens, &c. Foolscap 8vo., with a Frontispiece.

13. FABLES IN VERSE, illustrated with Plates. By Jefferys Taylor, Author of Harry's Holiday. 12mo.

14. THE LETTERS OF THE LATE WM. COWPER, Esq. TO HIS FRIENDS. A New Edition, in an elegant pocket volume, uniform with Suttaby's and Walker's Miniature Libraries, with Frontispiece and Vignette Title.

15. THE ILIAD OF HOMER, translated into Blank Verse, with copious Alterations and Notes. By the late William Cowper, Esq. In one pocket volume, uniform with the above.

16. THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER, translated. By the same, and printed uniformly with the above.

*** These three Works, with the Poems in the same size, constitute a complete Edition of the Works of Cowper.

17. A NEW COMPANION TO THE CALENDAR, being a Practical and Historical Guide to the Public Establishments; Literary, Scientific, and Commercial Institutions; and Charitable Associations, of the United Kingdom.

*** This Book, which will be published on the same day with the Almanacks, will be uniform in size, and bound in the same manner as the Calendars.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA
3 0112 056518670